ORIGINAL STORIES,

FROM

REAL LIFE, &c.

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FROM

REAL LIFE;

WITH

CONVERSATIONS,

CALCULATED TO

REGULATE THE AFFECTIONS,

AND

FORM THE MIND

TO

TRUTH AND GOODNESS.

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PREFACE.

THESE dialogues and tales are accommodated to the preſent ſtate of ſociety; the author attempts to cure thoſe faults by reaſon, which ought never to have taken root in the infant mind. Good habits, imperceptibly fixed, are infinitely preferable to the precepts of reaſon; but, as this taſk requires more judgment than generally falls to the lot of parents, ſubſtitutes muſt be ſought for, and medicines given, when regimen would have anſwered the purpoſe much

better. I believe thoſe who examine their own minds, will readily agree with me, that reaſon, with difficulty, conquers ſettled habits, even when it is arrived at ſome degree of maturity: why then do we ſuffer children to be be bound with fetters, which their half-formed faculties cannot break.

In writing the following work, I aim at perſpicuity and ſimplicity of ſtyle; and try to avoid thoſe unmeaning compliments, which ſlip from the tongue, but have not the leaſt connexion with the affections that ſhould warm the heart, and animate the conduct. By this falſe politeneſs, ſincerity is ſacrificed, and truth violated; and thus artificial manners are neceſſarily taught. True politeneſs

neſs is a poliſh, not a varniſh; and ſhould rather be acquired by obſervation than admonition; and we may remark, men do not attempt to poliſh precious ſtones, till age and air have given them that degree of ſolidity, which will enable them to bear the neceſſary friction, without deſtroying the main ſubſtance.

The way to render inſtruction moſt uſeful cannot always be adopted; knowledge ſhould be gradually imparted, and flow more from example than teaching: example directly addreſſes the ſenſes, the firſt inlet to the heart, the object education ſhould have conſtantly in view, and over which we have moſt power. But to wiſh that parents would, themſelves, mould the ductile paſſions;

is a chimerical wiſh, as the preſent generation have their own paſſions to combat with, and faſtidious pleaſures to purſue, neglecting thoſe nature points out: we muſt then pour premature knowledge into the ſucceeding one; and, teaching virtue, explain the nature of vice. Cruel neceſſity!

The Converſations are intended to aſſiſt the teacher as well as the pupil; and this will obviate an objection which ſome may ſtart, that the ſentiments are abſtracted, and not levelled to the capacity of a child. Every child requires a different mode of treatment; but a writer can only chooſe one, and it muſt be modified by thoſe who are actually

ally engaged with young people in their ſtudies.

The tendency of the reaſoning is obviouſly to fix principles of truth and humanity on a ſolid and ſimple foundation; and to make religion an active, invigorating director of the affections, and not a mere attention to forms. Syſtems of Theology may be complicated, but when the character of the Supreme Being is diſplayed, and He is recogniſed as the Univerſal Father, the Author and Centre of Good, a child may be led to comprehend that dignity and happineſs muſt ariſe from imitating Him; and this conviction ſhould be twiſted into—and be the foundation of every inculcated duty.

At

At any rate, the Tales, which were written to illuſtrate the moral, may recall it, when the mind has gained ſufficient ſtrength to diſcuſs the argument from which it was deduced.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

MARY and Caroline, though the children of wealthy parents, were, in their infancy, left entirely to the management of ſervants, or people equally ignorant. Their mother died ſuddenly, and their father, who found them very troubleſome at home, placed them under the tuition of a woman of tenderneſs and diſcernment, a near relation, who was induced to take on herſelf the important charge through motives of compaſſion.

They were ſhamefully ignorant, conſidering that Mary had been fourteen, and Caroline twelve years in the world. If they had been merely ignorant, the taſk would not have appeared ſo arduous; but they

they had caught every prejudice that the vulgar caſually inſtil. In order to eradicate their prejudices, and ſubſtitute good habits inſtead of thoſe they had careleſsly contracted, Mrs. Maſon never ſuffered them to be out of her ſight. They were allowed to aſk queſtions on all occaſions, a method ſhe would not have adopted, had ſhe educated them from the firſt, according to the ſuggeſtions of her own reaſon, and to which experience had given its ſanction.

They had tolerable capacities. Mary had a turn for ridicule, and Caroline was vain of her perſon; ſhe was indeed very handſome, and the inconſiderate encomiums, that had, in her preſence, been laviſhed on her beauty, made her, even at that early age, affected.

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MORAL

MORAL CONVERSATIONS AND STORIES.

CHAP. I.

The treatment of animals—The ant—The bee—Goodneſs—The lark's neſt—The aſſes.

ONE fine morning in ſpring, ſome time after Mary and Caroline were ſettled in their new abode, Mrs. Maſon propoſed a walk before breakfaſt, a cuſtom ſhe wiſhed to teach them, by rendering it amuſing to them.

The ſun had ſcarcely diſpelled the dew which hung on every blade of graſs, and filled the half-ſhut flowers; every proſpect ſmiled, and the freſhneſs of the air conveyed the moſt pleaſing ſen-

ſations to Mrs. Maſon's mind; but the children were regardleſs of the ſurrounding beauties, and ran eagerly after ſome inſects to deſtroy them. Mrs. Maſon ſilently obſerved them, without appearing to do it; and ſtepped ſuddenly out of the foot-path into the long graſs. Her buckle was caught in it, and ſtriving to diſentangle herſelf, ſhe wet her feet; a thing the children knew ſhe wiſhed to avoid, as ſhe had been lately ſick. This circumſtance rouſed their attention; and they forgot their amuſement to enquire *why* ſhe had left the path; and Mary could hardly reſtrain a laugh, when ſhe was informed that it was to avoid treading on ſome ſnails that were creeping acroſs the narrow footway. Surely, ſaid Mary, you do not think there is any harm in killing a ſnail, or any of thoſe nafty creatures that crawl on the ground? I hate them, and ſhould ſcream if any one of them was to find its way from

my clothes to my neck! With great gravity, Mrs. Maſon aſked how ſhe dared to kill any thing, but to prevent its hurting her? Then, reſuming a ſmiling face, ſhe ſaid, You have been neglected, my child; as we walk along attend to what I ſay, and make the beſt anſwers you can; and do you, Caroline, join in the converſation.

You have already heard that God created the world, and every inhabitant of it. He is then called the Father of all creatures; and all are made to be happy. He made thoſe ſnails you deſpiſe, and caterpillars, and ſpiders; and when he made them, did not leave them to periſh, but placed them where the food that is moſt proper to nouriſh them is eaſily found. They do not live long, but *their* Father, as well as your's, directs them to depoſit their eggs on the plants that are fit to ſupport the young, when they are not able to get food for themſelves. And when ſuch

a great and wise Being has taken care to provide every thing necessary for the meaneſt creature, would you dare to kill it, merely becauſe it appears, as you think, ugly? Mary began to be attentive, and followed Mrs. Maſon's example, who allowed a caterpillar and a ſpider to creep on her hand. You find them very harmleſs; but too great a quantity would deſtroy our vegetables and fruit: to prevent this miſchief, birds are permitted to eat them, and in ſpring there are always more than at any other time of the year, to furniſh food for the young birds.—Half-convinced, Mary ſaid, but worms are of little conſequence in the world. Yet, replied Mrs. Maſon, God cares for them, and gives them every thing that is neceſſary to render their exiſtence comfortable. You are often troubleſome—I am ſtronger than you—yet I do not kill you.

Obſerve thoſe ants; they have a little habitation

habitation in yonder hillock; they carry food to it for the winter, and live very ſnug in it during the cold weather. The bees, too, have comfortable towns, and lay in a ſtore of honey to ſupport them when the flowers die, and ſnow covers the ground; and this forecaſt is as much the gift of God, as any quality you poſſeſs.

Do you know the meaning of the word Goodneſs? I ſee you are unwilling to anſwer. I will tell you. It is, firſt, to avoid hurting any thing; and then, to contrive to give as much pleaſure as you can. If any inſects are to be deſtroyed, to preſerve my garden from deſolation, I have it done in the quickeſt way. Domeſtic animals that I keep, I provide the beſt food for, and never ſuffer them to be tormented; and this caution ariſes from two motives:—I wiſh to make them happy; and, as I love my fellow-creatures ſtill better than them, I would not allow thoſe I

have any influence over, to grow habitually thoughtleſs and cruel, and by theſe means loſe the greateſt pleaſure life affords,—that of reſembling God, by doing good.

A lark now began to ſing, as it ſoared aloft. The children watched it, and liſtened to its melody. They wondered what it was thinking of—of its young family, they concluded: it flew over the hedge, and drawing near, they heard the young ones chirp. Very ſoon both the old birds took their flight together, to look for food to ſatisfy their craving young, who were almoſt fledged. An idle boy, who had borrowed a gun, fired at them—they fell: and before he could take up the wounded pair, he ſaw Mrs. Maſon; and expecting a very ſevere reprimand, ran away. They drew near; one was not much hurt; but the other, the cock, had one leg broke, and both its wings ſhattered; and its little eyes ſeemed ſtarting

ing

ing out of their ſockets, it was in ſuch exquiſite pain. The children turned from it. Look at it, ſaid Mrs. Maſon; do you not ſee it ſuffers as much, and more than you did when you had the ſmall-pox; then you were tenderly nurſed. Take up the hen; I will bind her wing together; perhaps it will heal. As to the other, though I hate to kill it, I muſt put it out of pain; to leave it in its preſent ſtate would be cruel; and avoiding an unpleaſant ſenſation myſelf, I ſhould allow the bird to die by inches, and call this treatment tenderneſs, when it would be weakneſs or ſelfiſhneſs. Saying ſo, ſhe put her foot on the bird's head, turning her own another way.

They walked on; when Caroline remarked, that the neſtlings, deprived of their parents, would now periſh; and the mother began to flutter in her hand as they drew near the hedge, but the poor creature could not fly, though ſhe

tried to do it. The girls, with one voice, begged to take the neſt, and provide food in a cage; and try if the mother could not contrive to hop about to feed them. The neſt and the old mother were inſtantly in Mary's handkerchief, and a little opening left to admit the air; and Caroline peeped into it every moment to ſee how they looked. I give you leave, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, to take thoſe birds, becauſe an accident has rendered them helpleſs; if that had not been the caſe, they ſhould not have been confined.

They had ſcarcely reached the next field, when they met another boy with a neſt in his hand, and on a tree near him ſaw the mother, who, forgetting her natural timidity, followed the ſpoiler; and her intelligible tones of anguiſh reached the ears of the children, whoſe hearts now firſt felt the emotions of humanity. Caroline called him, and taking ſixpence out of her

little

little purſe, offered to give it to him for the neſt, if he would ſhew her where he took it from. The boy conſented, and away ran Caroline to replace it,—crying all the way, how delighted the old bird will be to find her brood again. The pleaſure that the parent-bird would feel was talked of till they came to a large common, and heard ſome young aſſes, at the door of an hovel, making a moſt dreadful noiſe. Mrs. Maſon had ordered the old ones to be confined, leſt the young ſhould ſuck before the neceſſary quantity had been ſaved for the ſick. After milking them, the thoughtleſs boy left them ſtill in confinement, and the young in vain implored the food nature deſigned for them. Open the hatch, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, the mothers have ſtill enough left to ſatisfy their young. It was opened, and they ſaw them ſuck.

Now we will return to breakfaſt; give me your hands, my little girls, you

have done good this morning, you are my fellow-creatures. Look, what a fine morning it is. Inſects, birds, and animals, are all enjoying the day. Thank God for permitting you to ſee it, and to imitate himſelf by doing good. Other creatures only think of themſelves; but man is allowed to *retrace* the image that God firſt implanted in him; he feels diſintereſted love; every part of the creation affords an exerciſe for virtue, and a *conſequent* ſource of pleaſure.

CHAP. II.

The treatment of animals—The difference between them and men—Parental affection of a dog—Brutality puniſhed.

AFTER breakfaſt Mrs. Maſon gave the children *Mrs. Trimmer's Fabulous Hiſtories*; and the ſubject ſtill

ſtill turned on animals, and the wanton cruelty of thoſe who treated them improperly. The little girls were eager to expreſs their deteſtation, and begged leave to feed the chickens. They were allowed to do it; only one condition was annexed to the permiſſion, that they did it regularly. When you wait for your food, you learn patience, and you can mention your wants; but thoſe helpleſs creatures cannot complain. The country people frequently ſay,—How can you treat a poor dumb beaſt ill; and a ſtreſs is very properly laid on the word dumb;—dumb they appear to thoſe who do not obſerve; but God, who takes care of every thing, underſtands their language; and ſo did Caroline this morning, when ſhe ran with ſuch eagerneſs to re-place the neſt which the thoughtleſs boy ſtole, heedleſs of the mother's agonizing cries!

Mary

Mary interrupted her, to aſk, if inſects and animals were not inferior to men? Certainly, anſwered Mrs. Maſon; and men are inferior to angels; yet we have reaſon to believe, that thoſe exalted beings delight to do us good. You have heard in a book, that I ſeldom permit you to read, becauſe you are not of an age to underſtand it, that angels, when they ſung glory to God on high, in the ſame angelic ſtrain wiſhed for peace on earth, as a proof of the good will they felt towards men. And all the glad tidings that have been ſent to men, angels have proclaimed: indeed, the word angel ſignifies a meſſenger. In order to pleaſe God, and our happineſs ariſes from pleaſing him, we muſt do good. This is what is called virtue. We exerciſe every benevolent affection to enjoy comfort here, and to fit ourſelves to be angels hereafter. When we have acquired human virtues, we

ſhall

ſhall have a nobler employment in our Father's kingdom. But angels and men have a much greater reſemblance, than there is between men and the brute creation; as the two former ſeem capable of improvement.

The birds you ſaw to-day do not improve—or their improvement only tends to ſelf-preſervation; the firſt neſt and the laſt are exactly the ſame; though in their flights they muſt ſee many other neſts, and, had they reaſon, would obſerve that ſome of them are much more convenient than others; and, of courſe, they would take pattern by the beſt; but this is not the caſe. You ſaw the hen tear the down from her breaſt to make a neſt for her eggs; you ſaw her beat the grain with her bill, and not ſwallow a bit, till the young ones were ſatisfied; and afterwards ſhe covered them with her wings, and ſeemed perfectly happy; if any one approached, ſhe was ready to defend them, to the hazard

zard of her life: yet, a fortnight after, you may ſee the ſame hen drive them from the corn, and forget the fondneſs that ſeemed to be ſtronger than the firſt impulſe of nature.

Animals have not the affections which ariſe from reaſon, nor can they do good, or acquire virtue. Every affection, and impulſe, I have obſerved in them, are like our inferior ones (which do not depend entirely on our will, but are involuntary); they preſerve the ſpecies, and make them grateful for actual kindneſs. If you careſs and feed them, they will love you, as children do, without knowing why; but we neither ſee imagination nor wiſdom in them; and, what principally exalts man, friendſhip and devotion, they ſeem incapable of forming any conception of. Friendſhip flows from knowledge and virtue, and devotion prepares us to be angels; as, when we pray to God, we offer an affront to

him

him, if we do not ſtrive to imitate the perfections He diſplays every where for our imitation, that we may grow better and happier.

The children eargerly enquired in what manner they were to behave, to prove that they were ſuperior to animals? The anſwer was ſhort,— be tender-hearted; and let your ſuperior endowments ward off the ills they cannot foreſee. It is only to animals that children *can* do good, men are their ſuperiors. When I was a child, added their tender friend, I always made it my ſtudy and delight, to feed all the dumb family; and when I could be of uſe to any one of them I was happy. This employment humanized my heart, while, like wax, it took every impreſſion; and Providence has ſince made me an inſtrument of good—I have been uſeful to my fellow-creatures. I, who never wantonly trod on an inſect, or diſregarded the plaint of the ſpeechleſs

leſs beaſt, can now give bread to the hungry, phyſic to the ſick, comfort to the afflicted, and, above all, am preparing you, who are to live for ever, to be fit for the ſociety of angels, and good men made perfect. This world, I told you, was a road to a better—a preparation for it; if we ſuffer, we grow humbler and wiſer: but animals have not this advantage, and man ſhould not prevent their enjoying all the happineſs of which they are capable.

A ſhe cat or dog have ſuch ſtrong parental affection, that if you take away all their young, it almoſt kills them; ſome have actually died of grief; though they do not ſeem to miſs the greateſt part.

A dog had once all her litter taken from her, and drowned in a neighbouring brook: ſhe ſought them out, and brought them one by one, and laid them at the feet of her cruel maſter,—and looking wiſtfully at them for ſome time,

time, in dumb anguish, she turned her eyes on the destroyer—and expired!

I myself knew a man who had hardened his heart to such a degree, that he found pleasure in tormenting every thing he had in his power. I saw him let two guinea-pigs roll down sloping tiles, to see if the fall would kill them. And were they killed? cried Caroline. Certainly; and it is well they were, or he would have found some other way of tormenting them. When he became a father, he not only neglected to educate his children, and set them a good example, but he taught them to be cruel while he tormented them: the consequence was, that they neglected him when he was old and feeble; and he died in a ditch.

You may now go and feed your birds, and tie some of the straggling flowers round the sticks. After dinner, if the weather continues fine, we will walk to the wood, and I will shew you

the

the hole in the lime-ſtone mountain (a mountain whoſe bowels, as we call them, are lime-ſtones) in which poo crazy Robin and his dog lived.

CHAP. III.

The treatment of animals—The ſtory of crazy Robin—The man confined in the baſtile.

IN the afternoon the children bounded over the ſhort graſs of the common, and walked under the ſhadow of the mountain till they came to a craggy part; where a ſtream broke out, and ran down the declivity, ſtruggling with the huge ſtones which impeded its progreſs, and occaſioned a noiſe that did not unpleaſantly interrupt the ſolemn ſilence of the place. The brook was ſoon loſt in the neighbouring wood, and the children turned their eyes to the

the broken ſide of the mountain, over which ivy grew in great profuſion. Mrs. Maſon pointed out a little cave, and deſired them to ſit down on ſome ſtumps of trees, while ſhe told them the promiſed ſtory.

In yonder cave lived a poor man, who generally went by the name of crazy Robin. In his youth he was very induſtrious, and married my father's dairy-maid; a girl deſerving of ſuch a good huſband. For ſome time they continued to live very comfortably; their daily labour procured their daily bread; but Robin, finding it was likely he ſhould have a large family, borrowed a trifle, to add to the ſmall pittance they had ſaved in ſervice, and took a little farm in a neighbouring county. I was then a child.

Ten or twelve years after, I heard that a crazy man, who appeared very harmleſs, had by the ſide of the brook piled a great number of ſtones; he would

would wade into the river for them, followed by a cur dog, whom he would frequently call his Jacky, and even his Nancy; and then mumble to himself,—thou wilt not leave me—we will dwell with the owl in the ivy.—A number of owls had taken shelter in it. The stones he waded for he carried to the mouth of the hole, and only left just room enough to go in. Some of the neighbours at last recollected him; and I sent to enquire what misfortune had reduced him to such a deplorable state.

The information I received from different persons, I will communicate to you in as few words as I can.

Several of his children died in their infancy; and, two years before he came to his native place, he had been overwhelmed by a torrent of misery. Through unavoidable misfortunes he was long in arrears to his landlord; who, seeing that he was an honest man,

and

and endeavoured to bring up his family, did not diſtreſs him; but when his wife was lying-in of her laſt child, the landlord died, and his heir ſent and ſeized the ſtock for the rent; and the perſon he had borrowed ſome money of, exaſperated to ſee all gone, arreſted him, and he was hurried to gaol. The poor woman, endeavouring to aſſiſt her family before ſhe had gained ſufficient ſtrength, found herſelf very ill; and the illneſs, through neglect and the want of proper nouriſhment, turned to a putrid fever; which two of the children caught from her, and died with her. The two who were left, Jacky and Nancy, went to their father, and took with them a cur dog, that had long ſhared their frugal meals.

The children begged in the day, and at night ſlept with their wretched father. Poverty and dirt ſoon robbed their cheeks of the roſes which

the

the country air made bloom with a peculiar freſhneſs. Their blood had been tainted by the putrid complaint that deſtroyed their mother; in ſhort, they caught the ſmall-pox, and died. The poor father, who was now bereft of all his children, hung over their bed in ſpeechleſs anguiſh; not a groan or a tear eſcaped from him; while he ſtood, two or three hours, in the ſame attitude, looking at the dead bodies of his little darlings. The dog licked his hands, and ſtrove to attract his attention; but for awhile he ſeemed not to obſerve his careſſes;—when he did, he ſaid, mournfully, thou wilt not leave me—and then he began to laugh. The bodies were removed; and he remained in an unſettled ſtate, often frantic; at length the phrenzy ſubſided, and he grew melancholy and harmleſs. He was not then ſo cloſely watched; and one day he contrived to make his eſcape, the dog followed him

him, and came directly to his native village.

After I received this account, I determined he ſhould live in the place he had choſen, undiſturbed. I ſent ſome conveniences, all of which he rejected, except a mat; on which he ſometimes ſlept—the dog always did. I tried to induce him to eat, but he conſtantly gave the dog whatever I ſent him, and lived on haws and blackberries, and every kind of traſh. I uſed to call frequently on him; and he ſometimes followed me to the houſe I now live in, and in winter he would come of his own accord, and take a cruſt of bread. He gathered water-creſſes out of the pool, and would bring them to me, with noſe-gays of wild-thyme, which he plucked from the ſides of the mountain. I mentioned before, that the dog was a cur; it had the tricks of curs, and would run after horſes heels, and bark. One day, when his maſter

was

was gathering water-creſſes, the dog ran after a young gentleman's horſe, and made it ſtart, and almoſt throw the rider. Though he knew it was the poor madman's dog, he levelled his gun at it—ſhot it,—and inſtantly rode off. Robin came to him, he looked at his wounds, and not ſenſible that he was dead, called him to follow him; but when he found that he could not, he took him to the pool, and waſhed off the blood before it began to clot and then brought him home, and laid him on the mat.

I obſerved that I had not ſeen him pacing up the hills, and ſent to enquire about him. He was found ſitting by the dog, and no entreaties could prevail on him to quit it, or receive any refreſhment. I went to him myſelf, hoping, as I had always been a favourite, that I ſhould be able to perſuade him. When I came to him, I found the hand of death was upon

upon him. He was ſtill melancholy; but there was not ſuch a mixture of wildneſs in it. I preſſed him to take ſome food; but, inſtead of anſwering me, or turning away, he burſt into tears,—a thing I had never ſeen him do before, and, in inarticulate accents, he ſaid, Will any one be kind to me!—you will kill me!—I ſaw not my wife die—no!----they dragged me from her—but I ſaw Jacky and Nancy die—and who pitied me, but my dog? He turned his eyes to the body—I wept with him. He would then have taken ſome nouriſhment, but nature was exhauſted—and he expired. Was that the cave? ſaid Mary. They ran to it. Poor Robin! Did you ever hear of any thing ſo cruel? Yes, anſwered Mrs. Maſon; and as we walk home I will give you another inſtance of much greater barbarity.

I told you, Robin was confined in a gaol. In France they have a dread-

ful one. The poor wretches who are confined in it live entirely alone; have not the pleaſure of ſeeing men or animals; nor are they allowed books.—They live in comfortleſs ſolitude. Some have amuſed themſelves by making figures on the wall; and others have laid ſtraws in rows. One miſerable captive found a ſpider, he nouriſhed it for two or three years; it grew tame, and partook of his lonely meal. His keeper obſerved it, and mentioned the circumſtance to a ſuperior, who ordered him to cruſh it. In vain did the man beg to have his ſpider ſpared. You find, Mary, it was a comfort in ſolitude. The keeper obeyed the cruel commands; and the unhappy wretch felt more pain from the cruſh, than he had experienced during his long confinement. He looked round a dreary apartment, and the ſmall portion of light that the grated bars admitted, only ſerved to ſhew him, that he

breathed

breathed where nothing elſe drew breath.

CHAP. IV.

Anger.—Hiſtory of Jane B—

A Few days after theſe walks and converſations, Mrs. Maſon heard a great noiſe in the play-room. She ran haſtily to enquire the cauſe, and found the children crying, and near them, on the floor, lay one of the young birds dead. With great eagerneſs each of them tried to exculpate herſelf, and prove that the other had killed the bird. Mrs. Maſon commanded them to be ſilent; and, at the ſame time, called an orphan ſhe had educated, and deſired her to take care of the neſt.

The cauſe of the diſpute was eaſily gathered from what they both let fall.

They contested which had the best right to feed the birds. Mary insisted she was the eldest; and Caroline, that she took the nest. Snatching it from one side of the room to the other, the bird fell, and was trod on before they were aware.

When they were a little composed, Mrs. Mason calmly thus addressed them:—I perceive you are ashamed of your behaviour, and sorry for the consequence; I will not severely reprehend you, and add bitterness to the self-reproach you must both feel, because I pity you. You are now inferior to the animals that graze on the common; reason only serves to render your folly more conspicuous and inexcuseable. I despise anger; its selfish emotions banish compassion, and undermine every other virtue. It is easy to conquer another; but noble to subdue ones-self. Had you, Mary, given way to your sister's humour, you would

have proved that you were not only elder, but wiſer than her. And you, Caroline, would have ſaved your charge, if you had for the time waved your right.

It is always a proof of ſuperior ſenſe to bear with ſlight inconveniences, and even trifling injuries, without complaining or conteſting about them. The ſoul reſerves its firmneſs for great occaſions, and then it acts a decided part. It is juſt the contrary mode of thinking, and the conduct it produces, which occaſions all thoſe trivial diſputes that ſlowly corrode domeſtic peace, and inſenſibly deſtroy what a great misfortune could not ſweep away.

I will tell you a ſtory, that will take ſtronger hold on your memory than mere remarks.

Jane B. was an only child. Her fond weak mother would not allow her to be contradicted on any occaſion. The child had ſome tenderneſs of heart;

but ſo accuſtomed was ſhe to ſee every thing give way to her humour, that ſhe imagined the world was made for her. If any of her playfellows had toys, that ſtruck her capricious ſickly fancy, ſhe would cry for them; and ſubſtitutes were in vain offered to quiet her, ſhe would have the identical ones, or fly into the moſt violent paſſion. When ſhe was an infant, if ſhe fell down, her nurſe made her beat the floor: ſhe continued the practice afterwards, and would kick the chairs and tables, or any ſenſeleſs piece of furniture, if they came in her way when ſhe was angry. I have ſeen her throw her cap into the fire, becauſe ſome of her acquaintance had a prettier one.

Continual paſſions weakened her conſtitution; beſides, ſhe would not eat the common wholſome food that children, who are ſubject to the ſmall-pox and worms, ought to eat, and which is neceſſary when they grow ſo faſt, to

 make

make them ſtrong and handſome. Inſtead of being a comfort to her tender, though miſtaken, mother, ſhe was her greateſt torment. The ſervants all diſliked her; ſhe loved none but herſelf; and the conſequence was, ſhe never inſpired love; even the pity good-natured people felt, was nearly allied to contempt.

A lady, who viſited her mother, brought with her a pretty little dog. Jane was delighted with it; and the lady, with great reluctance, parted with it to oblige her friend. For ſome time ſhe fondled, and really felt ſomething like an affection for it: but, one day, it happened to ſnatch a cake ſhe was going to eat, and though there were twenty within reach, ſhe flew into a violent paſſiſſion, and threw a ſtool at the dog, who was big with pup. It fell down; I can ſcarce tell the reſt; it received ſo ſevere a blow, all the young were killed, and

the poor wretch languiſhed two days, ſuffering the moſt excruciating torture.

Jane, who was now angry with herſelf, ſat holding it all the time, and every look the miſerable animal gave her ſtung her to the heart. After its death ſhe was very unhappy, but did not try to conquer her temper. All the bleſſings of life were thrown away on her; and, without any real misfortune, ſhe was continually miſerable.

If ſhe had planned out a party of pleaſure, and the weather proved unfavourable, the whole day was ſpent in fruitleſs repining, or venting her ill-humour on thoſe who depended on her. If no diſappointment of that kind occurred, ſhe could not catch pleaſure; ſomething always diſconcerted her; the horſes went too faſt, or too ſlow; the dinner was ill-dreſſed, or ſome of the company contradicted her.

She was, when a child, very beautiful; but anger ſoon diſtorted her regu-

lar

lar features, and gave a forbidding fierceneſs to her eyes. If for a moment ſhe looked pleaſed, ſhe ſtill reſembled a heap of combuſtible matter, to which an accidental ſpark would ſet fire; of courſe quiet people were afraid to converſe with her. If ſhe ever did a good or a humane action, her ridiculous anger ſoon rendered it an intolerable burden, if it did not entirely cancel it.

At laſt ſhe broke her mother's heart, or haſtened her death, by her want of duty, and her many other faults, all proceeding from violent unreſtrained anger.

The death of her mother, which affected her very much, left her without a friend. She would ſometimes ſay, Ah! my poor mother, if you were now alive, I would not teaze you— I would give the world to let you know that I am ſorry for what I have done: you died, thinking me ungrateful; and lamenting that I did

not die when you gave me ſuck. I ſhall never—oh! never ſee you more.

This thought, and her temper, preyed on her impaired conſtitution. She had not, by doing good, prepared her ſoul for another ſtate, or cheriſhed any hopes that could diſarm death of its terrors, or render that laſt ſleep ſweet—its approach was dreadful!—and ſhe haſtened her end, ſcolding the phyſician for not curing her. Her lifeleſs countenance diſplayed the marks of convulſive anger; and ſhe left an ample fortune behind her to thoſe who did not regret her loſs. They followed her to the grave, on which no one ſhed a tear. She was ſoon forgotten; and I only remember her, to warn you to ſhun her errors.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Lying—Honor—Truth—Small Duties—History of Lady L. and Mr. B—Mrs. Trimmer's Fabulous Histories.

THE little girls were very assiduous to regain Mrs. Mason's good opinion; and, by the mildness of their behaviour, to prove that they were ashamed of themselves. It was a rule with her, when they offended her, that is, behaved improperly, to treat them civilly; but to avoid giving them those marks of affection which they were particularly delighted to receive.

Yesterday, said she to them, I only mentioned to you one fault, though I observed two. You very readily guess I mean the lie you both told. Nay, look up, I wish to see you blush; the confusion I perceive in your faces gives me pleasure; as it convinces me it is

not

not a confirmed habit: and, indeed, my children, I ſhould be ſorry ſuch a mean one had taken root in your infant minds.

When I ſpeak of falſehood, I mean every kind; whatever tends to deceive, though not ſaid in direct terms. Tones of voice, motions of the hand or head, if they make another believe what they ought not to believe, are lies, and of the worſt kind; as the contrivance aggravates the guilt. I would much ſooner forgive a lie told directly, when perhaps fear entirely occupied the thoughts, and the preſence of God was not felt: it is Him you affront by telling an untruth.

How ſo? enquired Mary.

Becauſe you hope to conceal it from every human creature: but, if you conſider a moment, you muſt recollect, that the Searcher of hearts reads your very thoughts; that nothing is hid from him.

You

You would bluſh if I diſcovered it; yet forfeit His favour to ſcreen yourſelves from correction or reproof, or, what is ſtill worſe, to purchaſe ſome trifling gratification, the pleaſure of which would laſt but a moment.

You heard the gentleman who viſited me this morning, very frequently uſe the word Honour. Honour conſiſts in reſpecting yourſelf; in doing as you would be done by; and the foundation of it is Truth.

When I can depend on the veracity of people, that is to ſay, am certain they adhere to truth, I rely on them; am certain they have courage, becauſe I know they will bear any inconvenience rather than tell a lie, and deſpiſe themſelves. Beſides, it is not then neceſſary to conſider what you intend to ſay, when you have done right. Always determine, on every occaſion, to ſpeak the truth, and you will never be at a loſs for words. If your character for

this

this ſcrupulous attention is once fixed, your acquaintance will be courted; and thoſe who are not particularly pleaſed with you, will reſpect your honourable principles.

It is impoſſible to form friendſhips without making truth the baſis; it is indeed the eſſence of devotion, the employment of the underſtanding, and the ſupport of every other duty.

I govern my ſervants, and you, by attending ſtrictly to it, and this obſervance keeps my head clear and my heart pure; and I am ever ready to pray to the Author of good, the Fountain of truth.

While I am diſcuſſing the ſubject, let me point out to you another branch of this virtue, Sincerity, and remember I every day ſet you an example, for I never, to pleaſe for the moment, pay unmeaning compliments, or permit any words to drop from my tongue, that my heart does not dictate;

tate; and when I relate any matter of fact, I carefully avoid embelliſhing it, in order to render it a more entertaining ſtory; not that I think ſuch a practice abſolutely criminal; but as it contributes inſenſibly to wear away a reſpect for truth, I guard againſt the vain impulſe, leſt I loſe the chief ſtrength, and even ornament, of my mind, and become like a wave of the ſea, driſted about by every guſt of paſſion.

You muſt in life obſerve the moſt *apparently* inſignificant duties—the great ones are the pillars of virtue; but the conſtant concurrence of trifling things, makes it neceſſary that reaſon and conſcience ſhould always preſide, to keep the heart ſteady. Many people make promiſes, and appointments, which they ſcruple not to break, if ſome other more inviting pleaſure occurs. Always remember, that the ſlighteſt duty ſhould be performed before

fore a mere amuſement is purſued — for any neglect of this kind embitters play. Nothing can long be pleaſant that is not innocent!

As I uſually endeavour to recollect ſome perſons of my acquaintance, who have ſuffered by the faults, or follies, I wiſh you to avoid; I will deſcribe two characters, that, if I miſtake not, will very ſtrongly enforce what I have been ſaying.

Laſt week you ſaw Lady L. who came to pay me a morning viſit. Did you ever ſee ſuch a fine carriage, or ſuch beautiful horſes? How they pawed the ground, and diſplayed their rich harneſſes! Her ſervants wore elegant liveries, and her own clothes ſuited the equipage. Her houſe is equal to her carriage; the rooms are lofty, and hung with ſilk; noble glaſſes and pictures adorn them: and the pleaſure-grounds are large and well laid out; beſides the trees and ſhrubs, they contain

tain a variety of ſummer-houſes and temples, as they are called.—Yet my young friends, this is *ſtate* not *dignity*.

This woman has a little ſoul, ſhe never attended to truth, great part of her fortune ſhe obtained by falſehood, and it has blighted all her enjoyments. She inhabits that ſuperb houſe, wears the gayeſt clothes, and rides in that beautiful carriage, without feeling pleaſure. Suſpicion, and the cares it has given birth to, have wrinkled her countenance, and baniſhed every trace of beauty, which paint in vain endeavours to repair. Her ſuſpicious temper ariſes from a knowledge of her own heart, and the manner ſhe has employed her underſtanding.

She imagines that every perſon ſhe converſes with, means to deceive her; and when ſhe leaves the company, ſuppoſes all the ill they will ſay of her, becauſe this is her own practice with others. She liſtens about her houſe,

expecting

expecting to discover the designs of her servants, none of whom she can trust; in consequence of her anxiety her sleep is unsound, and her food tasteless. She walks in her paradise of a garden, and smells not the flowers, nor do the birds inspire her with cheerfulness: these pleasures are true and simple, they lead to the love of God, and all the creatures He has made—and cannot warm a heart which a malicious story can please.

She cannot pray to God, He hates a liar. She is neglected by her husband, whose only motive for marrying her was to clear an incumbered estate. Her son, her only child, is undutiful; the poor never have cause to bless her; nor does she contribute to the happiness of any human being.

To kill time, and drive away the pangs of guilt, she goes from one house to another, collecting and propagating scandalous tales, to bring others on a

level

level with herſelf. Even thoſe who reſemble her are afraid of her; ſhe lives alone in the world, its good things are poiſoned by her vices, and neither inſpire joy nor gratitude.

Before I tell you how ſhe acquired theſe vicious habits, and enlarged her fortune by diſregarding truth, I muſt deſire you to think of Mrs. B. the curate's wife, who lives in yonder white houſe, cloſe to the church; it is a ſmall one, yet the woodbines and jeſſamins give it a pretty appearance. Her voice is ſweet, her manners not only eaſy, but elegant; and her ſimple dreſs makes her perſon appear to the greateſt advantage.

She walks to viſit me, and her little ones hang on her hands, and cling to her clothes, they are ſo fond of her! If any thing terrifies them, they run under her apron, and ſhe looks like the hen taking care of her young brood. The animals play with the children, and

find

find her a mild attentive miſtreſs; and out of her ſcanty fortune ſhe contrives to feed and clothe many a hungry ſhivering wretch; who bleſs her as ſhe paſſes along.

Though ſhe has not any outward decorations, ſhe appears ſuperior to her neighbors, who call her the *gentlewoman*; indeed every geſture ſhews an accompliſhed and dignified mind, that acts from itſelf; when deprived of the fortune which contributed to poliſh and give it conſequence.

Drawings in the beſt ſtyle, the amuſement of her youth, ornament her neat parlor, in one corner ſtand ſome muſical inſtruments, ſhe plays with taſte, and ſings ſweetly.

All the furniture, not forgetting a book-caſe, full of well-choſen books, ſpeaks the refinement of the owner, and the pleaſures a cultivated mind has within its graſp, independent of proſperity.

Her

her prattle was approved, ſhe talked inceſſantly, and invented ſtories, when adding to thoſe that had ſome foundation, was not ſufficient to entertain the company. If ſhe ſtole ſweatmeats, or broke any thing, the cat, or the dog, was blamed, and the poor animals were corrected for her faults; nay, ſometimes the ſervants loſt their places in conſequence of her aſſertions. Her parents died and left her a large fortune, and an aunt, who had a ſtill larger one, adopted her.

Mrs. B. her couſin, was, ſome years after, adopted by the ſame lady; but her parents could not leave their eſtate to her, as it deſcended to the male heir. She had received the moſt liberal education, and was, in every reſpect, the reverſe of her couſin; who envied her merit, and could not bear to think of her dividing the fortune ſhe expected to inherit entirely herſelf. She

practiſed

Her huſband, a man of taſte and learning, reads to her, while ſhe makes clothes for her children, whom ſhe teaches in the tendereſt, moſt perſuaſive manner, important truths and elegant accompliſhments.

When you have been ſome time good you ſhall viſit her, and ramble in her little garden; there are ſeveral pretty ſeats in it, and the nightingales warble their ſweeteſt ſongs, undiſturbed, in the ſhade.

I have now given you an account of the preſent ſituation of both, and of their characters; liſten to me while I relate in what manner theſe characters were formed, and the conſequence of each adhering to a different mode of conduct.

Lady L. when ſhe was a child, uſed to ſay pert things, which the injudicious people about her laughed at, and called very witty. Finding that her

practiſed every mean art to prejudice her aunt againſt her, and ſucceeded.

A faithful old ſervant endeavored to open her miſtreſs's eyes; but the cunning niece, contrived to invent the moſt infamous ſtory of the old domeſtic, who was diſmiſſed. Mrs. B. ſupported her, when ſhe could not ſucceed in vindicating her, and ſuffered for her generoſity; her aunt dying ſoon after, left only five hundred pounds to this amiable woman, and fifty thouſand to Lady L.

They both of them married ſhortly after. One, the profligate Lord L. and the other a reſpectable clergyman, who had been diſappointed in his hopes of preferment. This laſt couple, in ſpite of their mutual diſappointments, are contented with their lot; and are preparing themſelves and children for another world, where truth, virtue and happineſs dwell together.

Whatever

Whatever happineſs we attain in this life, muſt faintly reſemble what God Himſelf enjoys, whoſe truth and goodneſs produces a ſublime degree, ſuch as we cannot conceive, it is ſo far above our limited capacities.

I did not intend to detain you ſo long, ſaid Mrs. Maſon; have you finiſhed *Mrs. Trimmer's Fabulous Hiſtories?* Indeed we have, anſwered Caroline, mournfully, and I was very ſorry to come to the end. I never read ſuch a pretty book, may I read it over again to Mrs. B's little Fanny? Certainly, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, if you can make her underſtand that birds never talk. Go and run about the garden, and remember the next liar I detect, I ſhall puniſh; becauſe lying is a vice; I ought to puniſh you if you are guilty of it, to prevent your feeling Lady L's miſery.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Anger — Folly produces Self-contempt, and the Neglect of others.

MRS. Maſon had a number of viſitors one afternoon, who converſed in the uſual indiſcreet ſtyle; they talked of Caroline's beauty, and ſhe gave herſelf many affected airs to make it appear to the beſt advantage. Mary, who had not a face to be proud of, was obſerving ſome peculiarities in the dreſs or manners of the gueſts; and one very reſpectable old lady, who had loſt her teeth, afforded her more diverſion than any of the reſt.

The children went to bed without being reproved, though Mrs. Maſon, when ſhe diſmiſſed them, ſaid gravely, I give you to-night, a kiſs of peace, an affectionate one you have not de-

ſerved. They knew they had done wrong, and waited for an explanation to regain her favor. She was never in a paſſion, but her quiet ſteady diſpleaſure made them feel ſo little in their own eyes, they wiſhed her to ſmile that they might be ſomething; for all their conſequence ſeemed to ariſe from her approbation. I declare, ſaid Caroline, I do not know what I have done, and yet I am ſure I never knew Mrs. Maſon find fault without convincing me I had done wrong. Did you, Mary, ever ſee her in a paſſion? No, ſaid Mary, I believe ſhe is never angry; when John threw down all the china, and ſtood trembling, ſhe was the firſt to ſay that the carpet made him ſtumble. Yes, now I do remember, when we firſt came to her houſe, John forgot to bring the cow and her young calf into the cow-houſe; I heard her bid him do it directly,

directly, and the poor calf was almoſt frozen to death—ſhe ſpoke then in a hurry, and ſeemed angry. Now you mention it, I recollect, ſhe was angry, when Betty did not carry the poor ſick woman the broth ſhe ordered her to take to her. But this is not like the paſſion I uſed to ſee nurſe in when any thing vexed her. She would ſcold us, and beat the girl who waited on her. Poor little Jenny, many a time was ſhe beat, when we vexed nurſe; I would tell her ſhe was to blame now if I ſaw her—and I would not teaſe her any more

I declare I cannot go to ſleep, ſaid Mary, I am afraid of Mrs. Maſon's eyes —would you think, Caroline, that ſhe who looks ſo very good-natured ſometimes, could frighten one ſo? I wiſh I was as wiſe and as good as ſhe is. The poor woman with the ſix children, we met on the common, ſaid ſhe was an angel, and that ſhe had

saved her's and her children's lives. My heart is in my mouth, indeed, replied Caroline, when I think of to-morrow-morning, and yet I am much happier than I was when we were at home. I cried, I cannot now tell for what, all day; I never wished to be good—nobody told me what it was to be good. I wish to be a woman, said Mary, and to be like Mrs. Mason, or Mrs. B. we are to go to see her if we behave well.

Sleep soon over-powered them, and they forgot their apprehensions. In the morning they awoke refreshed, and took care to learn their lessons, and feed the chickens, before Mrs. Mason left her chamber.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Virtue the Soul of Beauty—The Tulip and the Roſe—The Nightingale—External Ornaments—Characters.

THE next morning Mrs. Maſon met them firſt in the garden; and ſhe deſired Caroline to look at a bed of tulips, that were then in their higheſt ſtate of perfection. I, added ſhe, chooſe to have every kind of flower in my garden, as the ſucceſſion enables me to vary my daily proſpect, and gives it the charm of variety; yet theſe tulips afford me leſs pleaſure than moſt others I cultivate—and I will tell you why—they are only beautiful. Liſten to my diſtinctions;—good features, and a fine complexion, I term *bodily* beauty. Like the ſtreaks of the tulips they pleaſe the eye for a moment; but this uniformity ſoon

tires, and the active mind flies off to ſomething elſe. The ſoul of beauty, my dear children, conſiſts in the body gracefully exhibiting the emotions and variations of the informing mind. If truth, humanity, and knowledge inhabit the breaſt, the eyes will beam with a mild luſtre, modeſty will ſuffuſe the cheeks; and ſmiles of innocent joy play over all the features. At firſt ſight regularity and color will attract, and have the advantage; becauſe the hidden ſprings are not directly ſet in motion; but when internal goodneſs is reflected, every other kind of beauty, the ſhadow of it, withers away before it—as the ſun obſcures a lamp.

You are certainly handſome, Caroline; I mean, have good features; but you muſt improve your mind to give them a pleaſing expreſſion, or they will only ſerve to lead your underſtanding aſtray. I have ſeen ſome fooliſh people take great pains to decorate the outſide

outside of their houses, to attract the notice of strangers, who gazed, and passed on; while the inside, where they were to receive their friends, was dark and inconvenient. Apply this observation to mere personal attractions; they may, for a few years, charm the superficial part of your acquaintance, whose notions of beauty are not built on any principles. Such persons might look at you, as they would glance their eye over these tulips, and feel for a moment, the same pleasure that a view of the variegated rays of light would convey to an uninformed mind. The lower class of mankind, and children, are fond of finery; gaudy, dazzling appearances catch their attention; but the discriminating judgment of a person of sense, requires, besides color, order, proportion, grace and usefulness, to render the idea of beauty complete.

Obſerve that roſe, it has all the perfections I ſpeak of; color, grace, and ſweetneſs — and even when the fine tints fade, the ſmell is grateful to thoſe who have before contemplated its beauties. I have only one bed of tulips, though my garden is large, but, in every part of it, roſes catch your ſight.

You have ſeen Mrs. B. and think her a very fine woman; yet her complexion has only the clearneſs that temperance gives; and her features, ſtrictly ſpeaking, are not regular: Betty, the houſe-maid, has, in both theſe reſpects, much the ſuperiority over her. But, though you cannot at once define in what her beauty conſiſts, your eye follows her whenever ſhe moves; and every perſon of taſte liſtens for the modulated ſounds which proceed out of her mouth, to be improved and pleaſed. It is conſcious worth, *truth*, that gives dignity to her walk, and

ſimple.

ſimple elegance to her converſation. She has, indeed, a moſt excellent underſtanding, and a feeling heart; ſagacity and tenderneſs, the reſult of both, are happily blended in her countenance; and taſte is the poliſh, which makes them appear to the beſt advantage. She *is* really beautiful; and you ſee her varied excellencies again and again, with increaſing pleaſure. They are not obtruded on you, for knowledge has taught her true humility: ſhe is not like the flaunting tulip, that forces itſelf forward into notice; but reſembles the modeſt roſe, you ſee yonder, retiring under its elegant foliage.

I have mentioned flowers—the ſame order is obſerved in the higher departments of nature. Think of the birds; thoſe that ſing beſt, have not the fineſt plumage; indeed juſt the contrary. God divides His gifts, and amongſt the feathered race the nightingale, (ſweeteſt of warblers, who pours forth

her varied ſtrain when ſober eve comes on) you would ſeek in vain in the morning, if you expected that beautiful feathers ſhould point out the ſong-ſtreſs: many who inceſſantly chatter, and are only tolerable in the general concert, would ſurpaſs her, and attract you attention.

I knew, ſome time before you were born, a very fine, a very handſome girl; I ſaw ſhe had abilities, and I ſaw with pain that ſhe attended to the moſt obvious, but leaſt valuable gift of heaven. Her ingenuity ſlept, while ſhe tried to render her perſon more alluring. At laſt ſhe caught the ſmall-pox—her beauty vaniſhed, and ſhe was for a time miſerable; but the natural vivacity of youth overcame her unpleaſant feelings. In conſequence of the diſorder, her eyes became ſo weak that ſhe was obliged to ſit in a dark room; to beguile the tedious day ſhe applied to muſic, and made a ſur-

priſing

priſing proficiency. She even began to think, in her retirement, and when ſhe recovered her ſight grew fond of reading.

Large companies did not now amuſe her, ſhe was no longer the object of admiration, or if ſhe was taken notice of, it was to be pitied, to hear her former ſelf praiſed, and to hear them lament the depredation that dreadful diſeaſe had made in a fine face. Not expecting or wiſhing to be obſerved, ſhe loſt her affected airs, and attended to the converſation, in which ſhe was ſoon able to bear a part. In ſhort, the deſire of pleaſing took a different turn, and as ſhe improved her mind, ſhe diſcovered that virtue, internal beauty, was valuable on its own account, and not like that of the perſon, which reſembles a toy, that pleaſes the obſerver, but does not make the poſſeſſor happy.

She found, that in acquiring knowledge, her mind grew tranquil, and the

noble desire of acting conformably to the will of God succeeded, and drove out the immoderate vanity which before actuated her, when her equals were the objects she thought most of, and whose approbation she sought with such eagerness. And what had she sought? To be stared at and called handsome. Her beauty, the sight of it did not make others good, or comfort the afflicted; but after she had lost it, she was comfortable herself, and set her friends the most useful example.

The money that formerly she appropriated to ornament her person, now clothed the naked; yet she really appeared better dressed, as she had acquired the habit of employing her time to the best advantage, and could make many things herself. Besides, she did not implicitly follow the reigning fashion, for she had learned to distinguish, and in the most trivial mat-

ters

ters acted according to the dictates of good ſenſe.

The children made ſome comments on this ſtory, but the entrance of a viſitor interrupted the converſation, and they ran about the garden, comparing the roſes and tulips.

CHAP. VIII.

Summer Evening's Amuſement.—The Arrival of a Family of Haymakers.—Ridicule of perſonal Defects cenſured.—A Storm.—The Fear of Death.—The Cottage of honeſt Jack, the ſhipwreck'd Sailor.—The Hiſtory of Jack, and his faithful Dog Pompey.

THE evening was pleaſant; Mrs. Maſon and the children walked out; and many ruſtic noiſes ſtruck their ears. Some bells in a neighbouring village, ſoftened by the diſtance, ſounded

ſounded pleaſingly; the beetles hummed, and the children purſued them, not to deſtroy them; but to obſerve their form, and aſk queſtions concerning their mode of living. Sheep were bleating and cattle lowing, the rivulet near them babbled along, while the ſound of the diſtant ocean died away on the ear—or they forgot it, liſtening to the whiſtling of the hay-makers, who were returning from the field. They met a whole family, who came every year from another county, where they could not find conſtant employment, and Mrs. Maſon allowed them to ſleep in her barn. The little ones knew their benefactreſs; and tried to catch a ſmile; and ſhe was ever ready to ſmile on thoſe whom ſhe obliged; for with her money ſhe gave love, and it made the obligation light.

A few moments after, they met a deformed woman; the children ſtared her almoſt out of countenance; but Mrs. Maſon turned her head another way,

way, and when the poor object was out of hearing, ſaid to Mary, I intended reproving you for a fault, I have frequently ſeen you run into, and the other evening it was particularly conſpicuous. When that deformed woman paſſed by us, I involuntarily looked at ſomething elſe, and would not let her perceive that ſhe was a diſguſting figure, and attracted notice on that account. I ſay I did it involuntarily, for I have accuſtomed myſelf to think of others, and what they will ſuffer on all occaſions, and this loathneſs to offend, or even to hurt the feelings of another, is an inſtantaneous ſpring which actuates my conduct, and makes me kindly affected to every thing that breathes. If I then am ſo careful not to wound a ſtranger, what ſhall I think of your behavior, Mary? You laughed at a reſpectable old woman, who, beſides her virtues and her age, had been particularly civil

to you. I have always ſeen perſons of the weakeſt underſtandings, and whoſe hearts benevolence ſeldom touched, ridicule bodily infirmities, and accidental defects. They could only reliſh the inferior kinds of beauty, I mentioned this morning, and a ſilly joy has elated their empty ſouls, on finding, by compariſon, that they were ſuperior to others in that reſpect, though the concluſion was erroneous, for merit, mental acquirements only, give a juſt ſuperiority. Had you poſſeſſed the ſmalleſt portion of diſcernment, you would ſoon have forgot the tones, loſs of teeth made drawling, in liſtening to the cheerful good ſenſe which her words conveyed. You laughed becauſe you are ignorant, and I excuſe you; but ſome years hence, if I was to ſee you in company, with ſuch a propenſity, I ſhould ſtill think you a child, an overgrown one, whoſe mind did not expand as the body grew.

The

The ſky began to thicken, and the lowing of the cattle to have a melancholy cadence; the nightingale forgot her ſong, and fled to her neſt; and the ſea roared and laſhed the rocks. During the calm which portended an approaching ſtorm, every creature was running for ſhelter. — We muſt, if poſſible, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, reach yon cottage on the cliff, for we ſhall ſoon have a violent thunder-ſtorm; they quickened their pace, but the hurricane overtook them. The hail-ſtones fell, the clouds ſeemed to open and diſcloſe the lightning, while loud peals of thunder ſhook the ground; the wind in violent guſts ruſhed among the trees, tore off the ſlender branches and looſened the roots.

The children were terrified; but Mrs. Maſon gave them each a hand, and chatted with them to diſpel their fears. She informed them ſtorms were neceſſary to diſſipate noxious vapours,

and

and to anſwer many other ends, which were not, perhaps, obvious to our weak underſtandings. But are you not afraid? cried the trembling Caroline. No, certainly, I am not afraid; I walk with the ſame ſecurity as when the ſun enlivened the proſpect—God ſtill is preſent, and we are ſafe. Should the flaſh that paſſes by us, ſtrike me dead, it cannot hurt me, I fear not death!—I only fear that Being who can render death terrible, on whoſe providence I calmly reſt; and my confidence, earthly ſorrows cannot deſtroy. A mind is never truly great, till the love of virtue overcomes the fear of death.

By this time they had mounted the cliff, and ſaw the tumultuous deep, the angry billows roſe, and daſhed againſt the rocks, and the loud noiſe reſounded from one to another. They ran into the cottage; the poor woman who lived in it, ſent her children for wood,

wood, and made a fire in a moment to dry them.

The father of the family ſoon after came in, leaning on crutches; and over one eye there was a large patch. I am glad to ſee you honeſt Jack, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, come and take your ſeat by the fire, and tell the children the ſtory of your ſhipwreck.

I was very young, my dear ladies, ſaid Jack, when I went to ſea, and endured many hardſhips,—however I made a ſhift to weather them all; and whether the wind was fair or foul, I ran up the ſhrouds and ſung at the helm. I had always a good heart, no lad fore or aft had a better; when we were at ſea, I never was the firſt to flinch; and on ſhore I was as merry as the beſt of them. I married ſhe you ſee yonder, (lifting his crutch to point to his wife) and her work, and my wages did together, till I was ſhipwrecked on theſe rocks. Oh! it

was

was a dreadful night; this is nothing to it; but I am getting to the end of my ſtory before I begin it.

During the war, I went once or twice to New York. The laſt was a good voyage, and we were all returning with joy to dear England, when the ſtorm roſe; the veſſel was like a bird, it flew up and down, and ſeveral of our beſt hands were waſhed clean overboard—My poor captain, a better never plowed the ocean, he fell overboard, and it was ſome time before we miſſed him; it was quite dark, except that the flaſhes of lightning now and then gave us light. I was at the helm, laſhing it to the ſide of the ſhip—a dreadful flaſh came acroſs me, and I loſt one of my precious eyes; but thank God I have one left!

The weather cleared next day, and, though we had been finely mauled, I began to hope, for I hate to be faint-hearted, and certainly we ſhould have got

got into the channel very ſoon, if we had not fell in with a French man of war, who took us, we could not make any reſiſtance. I had a dog, poor Pompey! with me, Pompey would not leave me, he was as fond of me as if he had been a chriſtian. I had loſt one eye by the lightning, the other had been hurt, I could hardly call it a peep-hole; ſomehow I fell down the hatchway, and bruiſed one of my legs; but I did not mind it, do ye ſee, till we arrived at Breſt, and were thrown into a French priſon. There I was worſe off than ever; the room we were all ſtowed in, was full of vermin, and our food very bad, mouldy biſcuits, and ſalt-fiſh. The priſon was choke full, and many a morning did we find ſome honeſt fellow with his chops fallen—he was not to be waked any more!—he was gone to the other country.

Yet the French have not ſuch hard hearts as people ſay they have! ſeveral

women

women brought us broth, and wine; and one gave me ſome rags to wrap round my leg, it was very painful, I could not clean it, nor had I any plaiſter. One day I was looking ſorrowfully at it, thinking for certain I ſhould loſe my precious limb; when, would you believe it Pompey! ſaw what I was thinking about, and began to lick it,—and, I never knew ſuch a ſurpriſing thing, it grew better and better every day, and at laſt was healed without any plaiſter.

After that I was very ſick, and the ſame tender-hearted creature who gave me the rags, took me to her houſe; and freſh air ſoon recovered me. I ought to ſpeak well of the French; but for their kindneſs I certainly ſhould have been in another port by this time. Mayhap I might have gone with a fair wind, but I ſhould have been ſorry to have left my poor wife there and her children. But I am letting all my

line

line run out! Well, by-and-by, there was an exchange of priſoners, and we were once more in an Engliſh veſſel, and I made ſure of ſeeing my family again; but the weather was ſtill croſs. Three days and nights we were in the greateſt diſtreſs, the fourth the ſhip was daſhed againſt theſe rocks. Oh! if you had heard the craſh! The water ruſhed in—the men ſcreamed, Lord have mercy on us! There was a woman in the ſhip, and, as I could ſwim, I tried to ſave her, and Pompey followed me; but I loſt him, poor fellow! I declare I cried like a child when I ſaw his dead body. I brought the woman to ſhore; and aſſiſted ſome more of my meſs-mates; but, ſtanding in the water ſo long, I loſt the uſe of my limbs—yet Heaven was good to me; Madam, there, ſent a cart for us all, and took care of us; but I never recovered the uſe of my limbs. So ſhe aſked me all about my misfortunes,

and

and ſent for wife, who came directly, and we have lived here ever ſince. We catch fiſh for Madam, and I watch for a ſtorm, hoping ſome time or other to be as kind to a poor periſhing ſoul as ſhe has been to me. Indeed we are very happy—I might now have been begging about the ſtreets but for her, God bleſs her!

A tear ſtrayed down Mrs. Maſon's cheek, while a ſmile of benevolence lighted up her countenance—the little girls caught her hands—they were all ſilent a few minutes, when ſhe, willing to turn the diſcourſe, enquired if they had any fiſh in the houſe? Some were produced, they were quickly dreſſed, and they all eat together. They had a chearful meal, and honeſt Jack ſung ſome of his ſeafaring ſongs, and did all he could to divert them and expreſs his gratitude. Getting up to reach the brown loaf, he limped very awkwardly, Mary was juſt beginning to laugh,

laugh, when ſhe recollected herſelf; ſhe remembered that his awkwardneſs made him truly reſpectable, as he had loſt the uſe of his limbs in doing good, in ſaving the lives of his fellow-creatures.

The weather cleared up, and they returned home. The children chatted to each other all the way, and talked of the poor ſailor, and his faithful dog.

CHAP. IX.

The Inconveniencies of immoderate Indulgence.

THE children were allowed to help themſelves to fruit; and Caroline always took care to pick out the beſt, or ſwallow it in a hurry, if the difference was not very material.

Indeed she generally ate more than her share. She had several times eaten too much, without feeling any ill effects; but one afternoon she complained of a pain in her stomach in consequence of it, and her pale face, and languid eyes, plainly shewed her indisposition. Mrs. Mason gave her an emetic, and after the operation she was obliged to go to bed, though she had promised herself a pleasant walk that evening. She was left alone, Mary was not permitted to stay with her. Had her sickness been accidental, we would both have tried to amuse her, said Mrs. Mason; but her greediness now receives its natural and just punishment, and she must endure it without the alleviation which pity affords; only tell her from me, that the pleasure was but momentary, while the consequent pain and confinement, has already lasted some hours.

The

The next morning, though ſcarcely recovered, ſhe walked with them, and they returned through the farm-yard. The ſervant was juſt feeding the pigs, and though ſhe poured a great quantity into the trough, the greedy creatures tried to gobble it up from one another. Caroline bluſhed, ſhe ſaw this ſight was meant for her, and ſhe felt aſhamed of her gluttony. But Mrs. Maſon, willing to impreſs her ſtill more ſtrongly, thus addreſſed her.

Providence, my child, has given us paſſions and appetites for various purpoſes—two are generally obvious, I will point them out to you. Firſt to render our preſent life more comfortable, and then to prepare us for another, by making us ſociable beings; as in ſociety virtue is acquired, and ſelf-denial practiſed. A moderate quantity of proper food recruits our exhauſted ſpirits, and invigorates the animal functions; but, if you exceed

moderation, the mind is oppreſſed, and becomes the ſlave of the body, or both are liſtleſs and inactive. Employed various ways, families meet at meals, and there learn to give up to each other; and that is one way of governing the appetites. Pigs you ſee devour what they can get; but men, if they have any affections, love their fellow-creatures, and wiſh for a return, nor will they, for the ſake of a brutiſh gratification, loſe the eſteem of thoſe they value. Beſides, no one can be reckoned virtuous who has not learned to bear poverty: thoſe who think much of gratifying their appetites, will at laſt act meanly in order to indulge the predominant bent. If any employment of the underſtanding, or ſtrong affection occupies the mind, eating is ſeldom thought a matter of conſequence. Let the idle *think* of their meals; but do you otherways employ the intermediate time, and

only

only enjoy them when you join the ſocial circle. I like to ſee children, and even men, eat chearfully, and gratefully receive the bleſſings Heaven ſends them; yet I would not have them abuſe thoſe bleſſings, or ever let the ſupporting of the frame injure the immortal ſpirit: many think of the ſuſtenance the one craves, and entirely neglect the other.

I remarked to you before, that in the moſt apparently trivial concerns, we are to do as we would be done by. This duty muſt be practiſed conſtantly; at meals there are frequent opportunities, and I hope, Caroline, I ſhall never again ſee you eager to ſecure the dainties for yourſelf. If ſuch a diſpoſition was to grow up with you, you ought to live alone, for no one ſhould enjoy the advantages and pleaſures which ariſe from ſocial intercourſe, who does not give way to the inclinations of others, and allow every one their

share of the good things of this life.

You experienced yesterday, that pain follows immoderate indulgence; it is always the case, though sometimes not so immediate; the constitution is insensibly destroyed, and old age comes on, loaded with infirmities. You lost too a very pleasant walk, and some fine fruit. We visited Mrs. G's garden, and as Mary had before convinced me that she could regulate her appetite, I gave her leave to pluck as much fruit as she wished; and she did not abuse my indulgence. On the contrary, indeed, she spent most part of the time in gathering some for me, and her attention made it taste sweeter.

Coming home I called her my friend, and she deserved the name, she was no longer a child; a reasonable affection had conquered an appetite; the under-

standing

ſtanding took the lead, ſhe had practiſed a virtue.

The ſubject was now dropped; but Caroline determined to copy her ſiſter in this particular.

CHAP. X.

The Danger of Delay—Deſcription of a Manſion-houſe in Ruins—The Hiſtory of Charles Townley.

VERY frequently Mrs. Maſon had to wait for the children, when ſhe wiſhed to walk and had deſired them to be ready. Mary in particular had a trick of putting every thing off till the laſt moment, and then ſhe did but half do it, or left it undone. This indolent way of delaying made her miſs many opportunities of obliging and doing good; and whole hours

were loſt in irreſolute idleneſs, which ſhe afterwards wiſhed had been properly employed.

This was the caſe one day, when ſhe had a letter to write to her father; though it was mentioned to her early in the morning, they were obliged to let the fineſt part of the evening ſlip away while ſhe was finiſhing it; and her haſte made her forget what ſhe intended to have ſaid. Out of breath ſhe joined them, and after they had croſſed ſeveral fields, Mrs. Maſon turned down a long avenue, and bid them look at a large old manſion-houſe. It was now in ruins: ivy grew over the ſubſtantial walls, which ſtill reſiſted the depredations of time, and almoſt concealed a noble arch, on which maimed lions couched; and vultures and eagles, who had loſt their wings, ſeemed to reſt for ever there. Near it was a rookery, and the rooks lived ſafe in the high trees, whoſe trunks

were

were all covered with ivy or moſs, and a number of funguſſes grew about their large roots. The graſs was long, and remained undiſturbed, ſave when the wind ſwept acroſs: it was of courſe pathleſs; here the mower never whet his ſcythe, nor did the haymakers mix their ſongs with the hoarſe croaking of the rooks. A ſpacious baſon was overſpread with ſlime; water-plants grew on the margin, and afforded a ſhelter for toads and adders. In many places laid the remains of ornaments and ſun-dials;—and pedeſtals that had cruſhed the figures they before ſupported. Making your way through the graſs, you would frequently ſtumble over a headleſs ſtatue, or the head would impede your progreſs. When you ſpoke, the voice ſeemed to return again, as if unable to penetrate the thick ſtagnated air; the ſun could not dart into it his purifying rays, and the fallen

leaves contributed to choke up the way, and render the air more noxious.

To this place I brought you on purpose this evening, said Mrs. Mason to the children, who clung about her, to tell you the story of the last inhabitant; but, as this part is unwholesome, we will sit on the broken stones of the drawbridge.

Charles Townley was a boy of uncommon abilities, and strong feelings, and he ever permitted those feelings to direct his conduct; I mean the present emotion governed him.—He had not any strength or consistency of character; one moment he enjoyed a pleasure, and the next felt the pangs of remorse, on account of some duty he had neglected. He always indeed intended to act right in every particular *to-morrow*; but *to-day* he followed the prevailing whim.

He heard of a man in great distress, he determined to relieve him, and left his

his houſe in order to follow the humane impulſe; but meeting an acquaintance, he was perſuaded to go to the play, and *to-morrow* he thought he would do the act of charity. The next morning ſome company came to breakfaſt with him, and took him with them to view ſome fine pictures; in the evening he went to a concert; the day following he was tired, and lay in bed till noon; then read a diſmal ſtory, well wrought up, *wept* over it—fell aſleep—and forgot to *act* humanely. An accident reminded him of his intention, he ſent to the man, and found that he had too long delayed—the relief was uſeleſs.

In this thoughtleſs manner he ſpent his time and money; never applying to any profeſſion, though formed to ſhine in all. His friends were offended, and allowed him to languiſh in a gaol; as there appeared no probability of reforming or fixing him, they left

him to ſtruggle with adverſity. Severely did he reproach himſelf—He was almoſt loſt in deſpair, when a friend viſited him: this friend loved the latent ſparks of virtue which he imagined would ſome time or other light up, and animate his conduct. He paid his debts, and gave him a ſum of money ſufficient to enable him to prepare for a voyage to the Eaſt Indies, where Charles wiſhed to go, to try to regain his loſt fortune. Through the interceſſion of his kind, conſiderate friend, his relations were reconciled to him, and his ſpirits raiſed.

He ſailed with a fair wind, and fortune favored his moſt romantic wiſhes; in the ſpace of fifteen years, he gained large acquiſitions, and thought of viſiting, nay, ſettling in his native country.

Though impreſſed by the moſt lively ſenſe of gratitude, he ſoon dropped his friend's correſpondence; yet, as he knew

knew he had a daughter, a large portion of his wealth he determined to reſerve for her, to give the moſt ſubſtantial proof of his gratitude.—The thought pleaſed him, and that was ſufficient to divert him ſome months; but accidentally he heard that his friend had been very unſucceſsful in trade; and this information made him wiſh to haſten his return to his native country. Still a procraſtinating ſpirit poſſeſſed him, and he delayed the arduous taſk of ſettling his affairs, previous to his departure: he wrote however to England, and tranſmitted a conſiderable ſum to a correſpondent, deſiring that this houſe might be prepared for him, and the mortgage cleared.

I can ſcarcely enumerate the various trifling purſuits that prevented his embarking. When he arrived in England, he came here, and ſent for different workmen, and actually trifled away a

month,

month, before he went to visit his friend.

But his negligence was now severely punished. He learned that he had been reduced to great distress, and thrown into the very gaol, out of which he took Townley, who, hastening to it, found there only his dead body; he died the day before. On the table lay a letter, directed in an unsteady hand to Charles Townley. He seized it, it contained but a few lines; but they struck his heart. He read as follows:

"I have been reduced by unfore-
"seen misfortunes; when I heard of
"your arrival, a gleam of joy cheered
"my heart—*I thought I knew your*
"*soul*, and that my latter days might still
"have been made comfortable in
"your society, for I loved you, I ex-
"pected pleasure; but I was mistaken;
"you are ungrateful, and death is my
"only friend."

He

He read it over and over again; and cried out, Gracious God, had I arrived but one day sooner I should have seen him, and he would not have died thinking me the most ungrateful wretch that ever burdened the earth! He then knocked his clinched fist against his forehead, looked wildly round the dreary apartment, and exclaimed in a choked, though impatient tone, You sat here yesterday, thinking of my ingratitude.—Where are you now? Oh! that my repenting sighs could reach you! He ordered the body to be interred, and returned home a prey to grief and despondency; indulging it, he neglected to enquire about the daughter; he intended to provide amply for her, but now he could only grieve.—Some time elapsed, then he sent, and the intelligence he procured aggravated his distress, and gave it an additional sting.

The

The poor gentle girl, had, during her father's life, been engaged to a worthy young man; but, after his death, the relations of her lover sent him to sea to prevent the match taking place. She was helpless, and had not sufficient courage to combat with poverty; to escape from it, she married an old rake she detested. He was ill-humoured, and his vicious habits rendered him a most dreadful companion. She tried in vain to please him, and banish the sorrow that bent her down, and made wealth and all the pleasures it could procure tasteless. Her tender father was dead — she had lost her lover — without a friend or confidant, silent grief consumed her. I have told you friendship is only to be found amongst the virtuous; her husband was vicious.

Oh! why did she marry, said Mary?

Because she was timid; but I have not told you all; the grief that did not

break her heart, diſturbed her reaſon; and her huſband confined her in a mad-houſe.

Charles heard of this laſt circumſtance, he viſited her. Fanny, ſaid he, do you recollect your old friend? Fanny looked at him, and reaſon for a moment reſumed her ſeat, and informed her countenance to trace anguiſh on it—the trembling light ſoon diſappeared—wild fancy flufhed in her eyes, and animated her inceſſant rant. She ſung, talked of her huſband's ill-uſage—enquired if he had lately been to ſea? And addreſſed her father's ghoſt, which ſhe imagined was behind her chair.

Charles could not bear it—If I could loſe like her a ſenſe of woe, he cried, this intolerable anguiſh would not tear my heart. The money he intended for her could not reſtore her reaſon; but, had he ſent for her ſoon

aſter

after her father's death, he might have saved her and comforted himself.

This laſt ſtroke was worſe than the firſt; he retired to this abode; melancholy crept on him, he let his beard grow, and the garden run wild. One room in the houſe the poor lunatic inhabited; and he had a proper perſon to attend her, and guard her from the dangers ſhe wiſhed to encounter. Every day he viſited her, the ſight of her would almoſt have unhinged a ſound mind—How could he bear it, when his conſcience was wounded, and whiſpered him that he had neglected to do good, to live to any rational purpoſe—the ſweets of friendſhip were denied, and he every day contemplated the ſaddeſt of all ſights—the wreck of a human underſtanding.

He died without a will—the eſtate was litigated, and as the title to this part could not be proved, the houſe was let fall into its preſent ſtate.

But

But the night will overtake us, we must make haste home—And, Mary, need I desire you to remember this story—And remember, my child, you must attend to trifles; do all the good you can the present day, nay hour. This circumspection may not produce dazzling actions, nor will your silent virtue be supported by human applause; but your Father, who seeth in secret, will reward you.

CHAP. XI.

Dress.— A Character.— Remarks on Mrs. B's Manner of dressing.—Trifling Omissions undermine Affection.

MARY's procrastinating temper produced many ill consequences; she would lie in bed till the last moment,

ment, and then appear without waſhing her face or cleaning her teeth. Mrs. Maſon had often obſerved it, and hinted her diſlike; but, unwilling to burden her with precepts, ſhe waited for a glaring example; one was ſoon accidentally thrown in her way, and ſhe determined it ſhould not paſs unobſerved.

A lady, who was remarkable for her negligence in this reſpect, ſpent a week with them; and, during that time, very frequently diſconcerted the œconomy of the family. She was ſeldom fit to be ſeen, and if any company came by chance to dinner, ſhe would make them wait till it was quite cold, while ſhe huddled on ſome ill choſen finery. In the ſame ſtyle, if a little party of pleaſure was propoſed, ſhe had to dreſs herſelf, and the hurry diſcompoſed her, and tired thoſe, who did not like to loſe time in anticipating a trifling amuſement. A few hours after ſhe had

left

left them, Mrs. Mason enquired of Mary, what effect this week's experience had had on her mind? You are fond of ridicule, child, but seldom in the right place; real cause for it you let slip, and heed not the silent reproof: do not mistake me, I would not have you laugh at—yet I wish you to feel, what is ridiculous, and learn to distinguish folly. Mrs. F's negligence arises from indolence; her mind is not employed about matters of importance; and, if it was, it would not be a sufficient excuse for her habitually neglecting an essential part of a woman's duty. I said habitually; grief will often make those careless, who, at other times, pay a proper attention to exteriors; and this neglect is a sure indication that the canker-worm is at work; and we ought to pity, rather than blame the unfortunate. Indeed when painful activity of mind occasions this inattention, it will not last long; the soul

ſtruggles to free itſelf, and return to its uſual tone and old habits. The lady we have been ſpeaking of, ever appears a ſloven, though ſhe is ſometimes a diſguſting figure, and, at others, very taudry.

I continually caution Caroline not to ſpend much time in adorning her perſon; but I never deſired you to neglect it. Wiſdom conſiſts in avoiding extremes — immoderate fondneſs for dreſs, I term vanity; but a proper attention to avoid ſingularity, does not deſerve that name. Never waſte much time about trifles; but the time that is neceſſary employ. Exerciſe your underſtanding, taſte flows from it, and will in a moment direct you, if you are not too ſolicitous to conform to the changing faſhions; and loiter away in laborious idleneſs the precious moments when fancy is alive, and ſhould be allowed to fix the virtuous affections in the ductile heart.

Of

Of all the women I ever met with, Mrs. B. ſeems the freeſt from vanity, and thoſe *littlenesſes* which degrade the female character. Her virtues claim reſpect, and the practice of them engroſſes her thoughts; yet her clothes are apparently well-choſen, and you always ſee her in the ſame attire. Not like many women who are eager to ſet off their perſons to the beſt advantage, when they are only going to take a walk, and are careleſs, nay ſlovenly, when forced to ſtay at home. Mrs. B's conduct is juſt the reverſe of this, ſhe tries to avoid ſingularity, ſhe does not wiſh to diſguſt the generality; but it is her family, her friends, ſhe ſtudies to pleaſe.

In dreſs it is not little minute things, but the *whole* that ſhould be attended to; never deſire to excel in trifles, if you do — there is an end to virtuous emulation, the mind cannot attend to both; if the main purſuit is trivial,

trivial, the character will of course be insignificant. Habitual neatness is laudable; but, if you wish to be reckoned a well, and elegant dressed girl; and feel that praises on account of it give you pleasure, you are vain; and a laudable ambition will not dwell with vanity.

Servants, and those women whose minds have had a very limited range, place all their happiness in ornaments, and frequently neglect the only essential in dress, neatness.

I have not the least objection to your dressing according to your age; I rather encourage it, by allowing you to wear the gayest colours; yet I insist on some degree of uniformity: and think you treat me disrespectfully when you appear before me, and have forgotten to do, what should never be neglected, and what you could have done in less than a quarter of an hour.

I always

I always dreſs before breakfaſt, and expect you to follow my example, if there is not a ſufficient and obvious excuſe. You, Mary, miſſed an airing yeſterday; if you had not forgotten the reſpect which is due to me, and hurried down to breakfaſt in a ſlovenly manner, I ſhould have taken you out with me; but I did not chooſe to wait till you were ready, as your not being ſo was entirely your own fault.

Fathers, and men in general, complain of this inattention; they have always to wait for the females. Learn to avoid an error, which cannot be of little conſequence; as it ſometimes weakens eſteem. When we frequently make allowances for another in trifling matters, notions of inferiority take root in the mind, and too often produce contempt. Reſpect for the underſtanding muſt be the baſis of conſtancy; the tenderneſs which flows from pity is liable to periſh inſenſibly, to conſume

itſelf—even the virtues of the heart, if they degenerate into weakneſs, ſink a character in our eſtimation. Beſides, a kind of groſs familiarity, takes place of decent affection, and the delicacy of the female character is ſullied if not loſt.

CHAP. XII.

Behaviour to Servants.—True Dignity of Character.

THE children not coming down to breakfaſt one morning at the uſual time, Mrs. Maſon went herſelf to enquire the reaſon; and as ſhe entered the apartment, heard Mary ſay to the maid who aſſiſted her, I wonder at your impertinence, to talk thus to me—do you know who you are ſpeaking to?—ſhe was going on; but Mrs. Maſon

ſon interrupted her, and anſwered the queſtion—to a little girl, who is only aſſiſted becauſe ſhe is weak. Mary ſhrunk back abaſhed, and Mrs. Maſon continued, As you have treated Betty, who is ten years older than yourſelf, improperly, you muſt now pin your frock and do every thing for yourſelf; and, as you will be ſome time about it, Caroline and I will eat our breakfaſt, and viſit Mrs. B. By the time we return, you may perhaps recollect that children are inferior to ſervants—as they act from the dictates of reaſon, and are arrived at maturity, while children muſt be governed and directed till *their's* gains ſtrength to work by itſelf; it is the proper exerciſe of our reaſon that makes us in any degree independent.

When Mrs. Maſon returned, ſhe mildly addreſſed Mary. I have often told you that every diſpenſation of Providence tended to our improve-

ment, if we do not perverſely act contrary to our intereſt. One being is made dependent on another, that love and forbearance may meliorate our hearts, and that all ſhould be linked together by neceſſity, and the exerciſe of the affections. By theſe means we improve each other; but there is no real inferiority. You have read the fable of the head ſuppoſing itſelf ſuperior to the reſt of the members, and that all are equally neceſſary to render life pleaſant. If I behave improperly to ſervants, I am really their inferior, as I abuſe a truſt, and imitate not the Being whoſe ſervant I am, without a ſhadow of equality. Children are helpleſs; I order my ſervants to wait on you, becauſe you are ſo; but I have not as much reſpect for you as for them; you may poſſibly become a virtuous character. — Many ſervants have been really ſuch; they have done their duty, filled an humble ſtation as they

they ought to fill it, conſcientiouſly. And do you dare to deſpiſe thoſe whom your Creator approves?

Before the greateſt earthly beings I ſhould not be awed, they are my fellow ſervants; and, though ſuperior in rank, which, like perſonal beauty, only dazzles the vulgar; yet I may poſſeſs more knowledge and virtue. The ſame feeling actuates me when I am in company with the poor; we are creatures of the ſame nature, and I may be their inferior in thoſe graces which ſhould adorn my ſoul, and render me truly great.

How often muſt I repeat to you, that a child is inferior to a man; becauſe reaſon is in its infancy, and it is reaſon which exalts a man above a brute; and the cultivation of it raiſes the wiſe man above the ignorant; for wiſdom is only another name for virtue.

This morning, when I entered your apartment, I heard you inſult a worthy ſervant; you had juſt ſaid your prayers; but they were only the gabble of the tongue; the heart was not engaged in the ſacred employment, or you could not ſo ſoon have forgotten that you were a weak, dependent being, and that you were to receive mercy and kindneſs on the only condition of your practiſing the ſame.

I inſiſt on your aſking Betty to pardon your impertinence; till you do ſo, ſhe ſhall not aſſiſt you; you will find yourſelf very helpleſs—unable to cook your meat, bake your bread, waſh your clothes, or even put them on—ſuch is a child—I know what you are, you perceive.

Mary ſubmitted—and after ſhe ſaid her prayers, remembered ſhe was to curb her temper.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Employment—Idleneſs produces Miſery—The Cultivation of the Fancy raiſes us above the Vulgar, extends our Happineſs, and leads to Virtue.

MRS. MASON gave the children leave to amuſe themſelves; but a kind of liſtleſſneſs hung over them, they ſeemed fatigued with doing nothing, and not pleaſed becauſe they were idle; they ate cakes though they had juſt dined, and did many fooliſh things. Their friend ſaw that they were irreſolute, and could not fix on any employment; ſhe then requeſted Caroline to aſſiſt her, as ſhe wiſhed to finiſh a cap ſhe was making for a poor woman, and while we are at work, ſhe added, Mary will read us an enter-

taining tale, which I will point out. The tale intereſted the children, who chearfully attended, and after it was finiſhed, Mrs. Maſon told them, ſhe had ſome letters to write, and could not take her accuſtomed walk; but that ſhe would allow them to repreſent her, and act like women. They received their commiſſion, it was to take the cap, and ſome other things, to the poor woman they were intended for; learn her preſent wants, and exerciſe their own judgment with reſpect to the immediate relief ſhe ſtood in need of, and act accordingly.

They returned home delighted, eager to tell what they had done, and how thankful, and happy they had left the poor woman.

Obſerve now, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, the uſe of employment, three hours ago, you were uncomfortable, without being ſenſible of the cauſe, and knew not what to do with yourſelves; you actu-

tually

tually committed a ſin; you devoured cakes without feeling hunger, and merely to kill time, while many poor people have not the means of ſatisfying their natural wants. When I deſired you to read to me you were amuſed; and now you have been uſeful you are delighted. Recollect this in future when you are at a loſs what to do with yourſelves—and remember that idleneſs muſt always be intolerable as it is the moſt irkſome conſciouſneſs of exiſtence.

Every gift of Heaven is lent to us for our improvement; fancy is one of the firſt of the inferior ones; in cultivating it, we acquire what is called taſte, or a reliſh for particular employments, which occupy our leiſure hours, and raiſe us above the vulgar in our converſation. Thoſe who have not any taſte talk always of their own affairs or of their neighbours; every trivial matter that occurs within their knowledge they

canvas, and conjecture about—not ſo much out of ill-nature as idleneſs; as you ate the cakes without the impulſe of hunger. In the ſame ſtyle people talk of eating and dreſs, and long for their meals merely as they make a variety, becauſe the intermediate time is not employed in a more intereſting manner. Every new branch of taſte that we cultivate, affords us a refuge from idleneſs, a fortreſs in which we may reſiſt the aſſaults of vice; and the more noble our employments, the more exalted will be our minds.

Muſic, drawing, works of uſefulneſs and fancy, all amuſe and refine the mind, ſharpen the ingenuity, and indeed form the dawning judgment.—As the judgment gains ſtrength, ſo do the paſſions alſo; we have actions to weigh, and need that taſte in conduct, that delicate propriety, which gives grace to virtue. The higheſt branch of ſolitary amuſement is reading;

ing; even in the choice of books the fancy is firſt employed; in reading, the heart is touched, till its feelings are examined by the underſtanding, and reaſon regulates the imagination. This is the work of ſome years, and the moſt important of all employments. When life advances, if the heart has been capable of receiving early impreſſions, and the head of reaſoning and retaining the concluſions which were drawn from them; we have acquired a ſtock of knowledge, a mine which we can occaſionally recur to, independent of outward circumſtances.

The ſupreme Being has every thing in himſelf; we proceed from Him, and our knowledge and affections muſt return to Him for employment ſuited to them. And thoſe who moſt reſemble Him, ought, next to Him, to be the objects of our love, and the beings we ſhould try to aſſociate with, that we may receive an inferior degree of

ſatisfaction from their ſociety.—But be aſſured our chief comfort will ever ariſe from the mind's reviewing its own operations—and the whiſpers of conſcience, that life has not ſlipped away unemployed.

CHAP. XIV.

Innocent Amuſements. — Deſcription of a Welch Caſtle.—Hiſtory of a Welch Harper.—A tyrannical Landlord.—Family Pride.

AS it was now harveſt-time, the new ſcene, and the fine weather delighted the children, who ran continually out to view the reapers. Indeed every thing ſeemed to wear a face of feſtivity, and the ripe corn bent under its own weight, or, more creſt, ſhewed the laughing appearance of plenty.

Mrs:

Mrs. Maſon always allowed the gleaners to have a ſufficient quantity; a great number of poor came to gather a little harveſt, and ſhe was pleaſed to ſee the feeble hands of youth and age, collecting the ſcattered ears.

Honeſt Jack came with his family, and when the labors of the day were over, would play on a fiddle, that frequently had but three ſtrings; but it anſwered to ſet the feet in motion, and the lads and laſſes danced on the green ſod, and ſuffered every care to ſleep.

An old Welch harper generally came to the houſe about this time of the year, and ſtaid a month or more, for Mrs. Maſon was particularly fond of his inſtrument, and intereſted in the fate of the player; as is almoſt always the caſe, when we have reſcued a perſon out of any diſtreſs.

She informed the children, that once travelling through Wales, her carriage was overturned near the ruins of an old caſtle;

caſtle; as ſhe had eſcaped unhurt, ſhe determined to wander amongſt them, whilſt the driver took care of his horſes, and her ſervant haſtened to the neighbouring village for aſſiſtance.

It was almoſt dark, and the lights began to twinkle in the cottages; ſhe added, the ſcene pleaſed me; I thought of the various cuſtoms which the lapſe of time unfolds, and dwelt on the ſtate of the Welch, when this caſtle, now ſo deſolate, was the hoſpitable abode of the chief of a noble family. Theſe reflections entirely engroſſed my mind, when the ſound of a harp reached my ears; never was any thing more opportune, the national muſic ſeemed to give reality to the pictures my imagination had been drawing. I liſtened awhile, and then tried to trace the pleaſing ſound, and diſcovered, after a ſhort ſearch, a little hut, rudely built; the walls of an old tower ſupported part of the thatch, which ſcarcely

kept

kept out the rain, and the other two ſides were ſtones cemented, or rather plaiſtered together, by mud and clay. I entered, and beheld an old man, ſitting by a few looſe ſticks, which blazed on the hearth; and a young woman, with one child at her breaſt, ſucking, and another on her knee: near them ſtood a cow and her calf. The man had been playing on the harp, he roſe when he ſaw me, and offered his chair, the only one, and ſat down on a large cheſt in the chimney-corner; when the door was ſhut, all the light that was admitted came through the hole called a chimney, and did not much enliven the dwelling. I mentioned my accident to account for my intruſion, and requeſted the harper again to touch the inſtrument which had attracted me. A partition of twigs and dried leaves, divided this apartment from another, in which I perceived a light; I enquired about it,

and

and the woman, in an artleſs manner, informed me, that ſhe had let it to a young woman lately married, who was related to a very good family, and would not lodge any where, or with any body. This intelligence made me ſmile, to think that family pride ſhould be a ſolace in ſuch extreme poverty.

I ſat there ſome time, and then the harper accompanied me to ſee if the carriage was repaired; I found it waiting for me; and as the inn I was to ſleep at was only about two miles further, the harper offered to come and play to me while I was eating my ſupper. This was juſt what I wiſhed for, his appearance had rouſed my compaſſion as well as my curioſity, and I took him and his harp in the chaiſe.

After ſupper he informed me, that he had once a very good farm; but he had been ſo unfortunate as to diſpleaſe the juſtice, who never forgave him, nor reſted till he had ruined him.

This

This tyrant always expected his tenants to assist him to bring in his harvest before they had got in their own. The poor harper was once in the midst of his, when an order was sent to him to bring his carts and servants, the next day, to the fields of this petty king; foolishly he refused, and this refusal was the foundation of that settled hatred which produced such fatal consequences. Ah, Madam, said the sufferer, your heart would ache, if you heard of all his cruelties to me, and the rest of his poor tenants. He employs many laborers, and will not give them the same wages they receive from the common farmers, and they dare not go any-where else to work when he sends for them. The fish that they catch they must bring first to him, or they would not be allowed to walk over his grounds to catch them; and he will give just what he pleases for the most valuable part of their pannier.

But

But there would be no end to my ſtory was I to tell you of all his oppreſſions. I was obliged to leave my farm, my daughter, whom you ſaw this evening, married an induſtrious young man, and I came to live with them. When, would you believe it? this ſame man threw my ſon into goal, on account of his killing a hare, which all the country folks do when they can catch them in their grounds. We were again in great diſtreſs, and my daughter and I built the hut you ſaw in the waſte, that the poor babes might have a ſhelter; and I maintain them by playing on the harp, the maſter of this inn, allows me to play to the gentry who travel this way, and I pick up a few pence juſt to keep life and ſoul together, and to ſend a little bread to my poor ſon John Thomas.

He then began one of the moſt diſmal Welch ditties, and, in the midſt of it, cried out, he is an upſtart, a

mere

mere muſhroom! His grandfather was cow-boy to mine. So I told him once, and he never forgot it.

The old man then informed me that the caſtle he now was ſheltered in, formerly belonged to his family—ſuch are the changes and chances of this mortal life—ſaid he, and begun a lively tune. While he was ſtriking the ſtrings, I thought too of the changes in life which an age produced; the deſcendent of thoſe who made the hall ring with ſocial mirth, now mourned in its ruins, and hung his harp on the mouldering battlements. Such is the fate of buildings and of families!

After I had diſmiſſed my gueſt, I ſent for the landlord, to make ſome farther enquiries; and found that I had not been deceived; I then determined to aſſiſt him, and thought my accident providential. I knew a man of conſequence in the neighbourhood, I viſited him, and exerted myſelf to procure the

enlargement

enlargement of the young man; I ſucceeded; and not only reſtored him to his family, but prevailed on my friend to let him rent a ſmall farm on his eſtate, which I gave him money to buy ſtock for, and the implements of huſbandry.

The old harper's gratitude was unbounded; the ſummer after he walked to viſit me; and ever ſince has contrived to come every year to enliven our harveſt-home.—This evening it is to be celebrated.

The evening came; the joyous party footed it away merrily, and the ſound of their ſhoes were heard on the barn-floor. It was not the light fantaſtic toe, that faſhion taught to move, but honeſt heart-felt mirth, and the loud laugh, if it ſpoke the vacant head, ſaid audibly that the heart was guileleſs.

Mrs. Maſon always gave them ſome trifling preſents at this time, to render

the

the approach of winter more comfortable. To the men, she generally presented warm clothing, and to the women flax and worsted; and those who were the most industrious received a reward when the new year commenced. The children had books given to them, and little ornaments.—All were anxious for the day; and greeted cordially their old acquaintance the harper.

CHAP. XV.

Prayer.—A Moon-light Scene.—Resignation.

THE harper would frequently sit under a large elm, a few paces from the house, and play some of the most plaintive Welch tunes. While the

the people were eating their ſupper, Mrs. Maſon deſired him to play her ſome favorite airs; and ſhe and the children walked round the tree under which he ſat on the ſtump of another.

The moon roſe in cloudleſs majeſty, and a number of ſtars twinkled near her. The ſoftened landſcape inſpired tranquillity, while the ſtrains of ruſtic paſſion gave a pleaſing melancholy to the whole—and made the tear ſtart, whoſe ſource could ſcarcely be traced. The pleaſure the ſight of harmleſs mirth gave riſe to in Mrs. Maſon's boſom, rouſed every tender feeling—ſet them in motion; ſhe laughed with the poor ſhe had made happy, and wept when ſhe recollected her own ſorrows; the illuſions of youth—the gay expectations that had clipped the wings of time.—She turned to the girls, I have been very unfortunate, my young friends; but my griefs are now of a placid kind. Misfortunes have obſcured

ſcured the ſun I gazed at when firſt I entered life—early attachments have been broken—the death of friends I loved, has clouded my days; neither the beams of proſperity, nor even thoſe of benevolence, can diſſipate them; but I am not enveloped in a thick fog.—My ſtate of mind rather reſembles the ſcene before you, it is quiet—I am weaned from the world, but not diſguſted—for I can do good—and in futurity a ſun will riſe to cheer my heart—beyond the night of death, I hail the dawn of an eternal day! I mention my ſtate of mind to you, that I may tell you what ſupports me.

The feſtivity within, and the placidity without, led my thoughts naturally to the ſource from whence my comfort ſprings, the Great Beſtower of every bleſſing. Prayer, my children, is the deareſt privilege of man and the ſupport of a feeling heart. Mine has too often been wounded by ingratitude;

ingratitude; my fellow-creatures, whom I fondly loved have neglected me—I have heard their laſt ſigh, and thrown my eyes round an empty world; but then I more particularly felt the preſence of my Creator, and poured out my ſoul before Him—and was not alone!—I contemplate His wonderful goodneſs, and though at an awful diſtance, try to imitate Him. This view of things is a ſpur to activity, and a conſolation in diſappointment.

There is a conſtant intercourſe kept up with the Creator, when we learn to conſider Him, as the fountain of truth which our underſtanding thirſts after; but His goodneſs brings Him more on a level with our bounded capacities—we trace Him in every work of mercy, and feel His fatherly care. Every bleſſing is doubled when we ſuppoſe it comes from Him, and afflictions almoſt loſe their name when

we

we believe they are ſent to correct, not cruſh us.—While we are alive to gratitude and admiration, we muſt adore God.

The human ſoul is ſo framed, that goodneſs and truth muſt fill it with ineffable pleaſure, and the nearer it approaches to perfection, the more earneſtly will it purſue them, ſeeing their beauty.

The Supreme Being dwells in the univerſe. He is as eſſentially preſent to the wicked as to the good; but one delights in His preſence, and tries to pleaſe Him, while the other ſhrinks from a Judge who is of too pure a nature to behold iniquity.—They wiſh for the rocks to cover them, mountains, or the angry ſea, we the other day ſurveyed, to hide them from the preſence of that Being—in whoſe preſence only they could find joy. You feel the emotions that attract to goodneſs; painful ones diſturb you, when you

reſiſt them. The wiſer, and the better you are, the more viſible, if I may uſe the expreſſion, is God—for wiſdom conſiſts in ſearching Him out—and goodneſs in endeavouring to copy his attributes.

To attain any thing great, a model muſt be held up to our underſtanding, and engage our affections; a view of the diſintereſted goodneſs of God is calculated to touch us more than can be conceived by a depraved mind. When the love of God is ſhed abroad in our hearts, true courage will animate our conduct, as nothing can hurt thoſe who truſt in Him. If the deſire of acting right is ever preſent with us, if admiration of goodneſs fills our ſouls; we may be ſaid to pray conſtantly. And if we try to do juſtice to all, and good as far as we can; we prove whoſe ſervants we are, and whoſe laws we tranſcribe in our lives.

Never

Never be very anxious, when you pray what *words* to uſe, regulate your *thoughts*; and know that virtue calms the paſſions, gives clearneſs to your underſtanding, and opens it to pleaſures that the thoughtleſs and vicious have not a glimpſe of—for you muſt be acquainted with God to find peace, to riſe ſuperior to worldly temptations. Habitual devotion is of the utmoſt conſequence, as what oftneſt occupies the thoughts will influence our actions. But, obſerve what I ſay, *that* devotion is mockery, ſelfiſhneſs, which does not improve your moral character.

Men, of old, prayed to the devil, to him ſacrificed their children, and committed every kind of barbarity and impurity. We ſerve a long-ſuffering God; we muſt pity the weakneſs of our fellow-creatures, we muſt not beg for mercy and not ſhew it;—we muſt not acknowledge that we have offended, without trying to avoid doing ſo in

future. We are to deal with our fellow-creatures as we expect to be dealt with. This is practical prayer!—Thoſe who enjoy it feel frequently ſublime pleaſures, and lively hopes animate them in this vale of tears; that ſeem a foretaſte of the felicity they will enjoy, when the underſtanding is enlightened, and the affections regulated.

To-morrow I will take you to viſit the ſchool-miſtreſs of the village, and relate her ſtory, to enforce what I have been ſaying.

Now you may go and dance one or two dances; and I will join you after I have taken a walk.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The Benefits arising from Devotion.—The History of the Village School-mistress.—Fatal Effects of Inattention to Expences, in the History of Mr. G.

THE next morning Mrs. Mason desired the children to get their work, and said she would relate the promised history; and in the afternoon, if the weather was fine, they should visit the village school-mistress.

Her father, the honourable Mr. L. was the youngest son of a noble family; his education had been liberal, though his fortune was small. His relations, however, seemed determined to push him forward in life, had he not disobliged them by marrying the daughter of a country clergyman, an accom-

pliſhed, ſenſible woman. Some time after the birth of his daughter Anna, his eldeſt brother, the Earl of C. was reconciled to him; but this reconciliation only led them into expences, which his limited fortune could not bear. Mr. G. had a high ſenſe of honor, and rather a profuſe turn, he was, beſides, a very humane man, and gave away much more than he could afford to give, when his compaſſion was excited. He never did a mean action; but ſometimes an oſtentatious pride tarniſhed the luſtre of very ſplendid ones, made them appear to judicious eyes, more like tinſel, than gold. I will account for it; his firſt impulſe aroſe from ſenſibility, and the ſecondary one, an immoderate deſire of human applauſe—for he ſeemed not to be alive to devotional feelings, or to have that rock to reſt on, which will ſupport a frail being, and give true dignity

though

though all nature combined to crush him.

Mrs. L. was not a ſhining character —but I will read you a part of a letter, her daughter, the lady we are to viſit, wrote to me.

"This being the anniverſary of the day on which an ever loved, and much revered parent was releaſed from the bondage of mortality, I obſerve it with particular ſerioufneſs, and with gratitude; for her ſorrows were great, her trials ſevere—but her conduct was blameleſs: yet the world admired her not; her ſilent, modeſt virtues, were not formed to attract the notice of the injudicious crowd, and her underſtanding was not brilliant enough to excite admiration. But ſhe was regardleſs of the opinion of the world; ſhe ſought her reward in the ſource from whence her virtue was derived—and ſhe found it.—He, who, for wiſe and merciful purpoſes, ſuffered her to be afflicted,

ſupported her under her trials; thereby calling forth the exerciſe of thoſe virtues with which He had adorned her gentle ſoul, and imparting to her a degree of heart-felt comfort, which no earthly bleſſing could afford."

This amiable parent died when Anna was near eighteen, and left her to the care of her father, whoſe high ſpirit ſhe had imbibed. The religious principles her mother had inſtilled, regulated her notions of honour, and elevated her character; and her heart was regulated by her underſtanding.

Her father had inſenſibly involved himſelf in debt; after her mother's death, he tried different ſchemes of life, all of which, at the firſt, wore a promiſing aſpect; but he wanted that ſuppleneſs of temper, which enables people to riſe in the world, and his ſtruggles, inſtead of extricating, ſunk him ſtill deeper. He wanted the ſupport of religion. He became ſour, eaſily irritated,

more religion alone will be a support we can only learn in Christ.

irritated; and almoſt hated a world whoſe plaudits he had eagerly courted. His affairs were at laſt in ſuch a deſperate ſtate, that he was obliged, reluctantly, to accept of an invitation from his brother, who with his wife, a weak fine lady, intended ſpending ſome time on the continent; his daughter was, of courſe, to be of the party. The confinement did not ſuit his temper, and feeling himſelf dependent, he imagined every one meant to inſult him; ſome ſarcaſms were thrown out by a gentleman, in a large company, they were not perſonal; yet he took fire, his ſore mind was eaſily hurt, he reſented them; and heated by wine they both ſaid more than their cool reaſon would have ſuggeſted. Mr. L. imagined his honor was wounded, and the next morning ſent a challenge—they met—and he killed his antagoniſt, who, dying, pardoned him, and declared that the ſentiments which gave ſo much

offence, fell from him by accident, and were not levelled at any perſon.

The dying man lamented, that the thread of a thoughtleſs life had been ſo ſuddenly ſnapped—the name of his wife and children he could not articulate, when ſomething like a prayer for them eſcaped his livid lips, and ſhook his exhauſted frame—the blood flowed in a copious ſtream—vainly did Mr. L. endeavour to ſtaunch it—the heart loſt its vital nouriſhment—and the ſoul eſcaped as he preſſed the hand of his deſtroyer, who, when he found him breathleſs, ran home, and entered his chamber in a hurry. The dead man's image haunted his imagination—he ſtarted—thought he was at his elbow—and ſhook the hand that received the dying graſp—yet ſtill it was preſſed, and the preſſure entered into his very ſoul—On the table lay two piſtols, he caught up one, and ſhot himſelf.—The report alarmed the family—the ſervants

and

and his daughter, for his brother was not at home, broke open the door, and ſhe ſaw the dreadful ſight! As there was ſtill ſome appearance of life, a trembling ray—ſhe ſupported the body, and ſent for aſſiſtance; but he died in her arms without ſpeaking, before the ſervants returned with a ſurgeon. Horror ſeized her, another piſtol lay charged on the table, ſhe caught it up, but religion ſtopped her hand—ſhe knelt down by a dead father, and prayed to a ſuperior one; her mind grew calmer—yet ſtill ſhe paſſionately wiſhed ſhe had but heard him ſpeak, or that ſhe had conveyed comfort to his departing ſpirit—where, where would it find comfort? again ſhe was obliged to have recourſe to prayer.

After the death of her father, her aunt treated her as if ſhe was a mere dependant on her bounty; and expected her to be an humble companion in every ſenſe of the word; the com-

pany took the tone from her ladyſhip, and numberleſs were the mortifications ſhe had to bear.

The entrance of a perſon about buſineſs interrupted the narration; but Mrs. Maſon promiſed to reſume it after dinner.

CHAP. XVII.

The Benefits ariſing from Devotion—The Hiſtory of the Village Schoolmiſtreſs concluded.

AS ſoon as the cloth was removed, the narration was continued; and the girls forgot their fruit in liſtening to the ſequel.

Anna endured this treatment ſome years, and had an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the world and her own heart. She viſited her mother's

ther's father, and would have remained with him; but ſhe determined not to leſſen the ſmall pittance he had anxiouſly ſaved out of a ſcanty income for two other grand-children She thought continually of her ſituation, and found, on examining her underſtanding, that the faſhionable circle could not at any rate have afforded her much ſatisfaction, or even amuſement; though their neglect and contempt rendered her very uncomfortable. She had her father's ſpirit of independence, and determined to ſhake off the galling yoke, and try to earn her own ſubſiſtence. Her acquaintance expoſtulated with her, and repreſented the miſeries of poverty, and the mortifications and difficulties ſhe would have to encounter. Let it be ſo, ſhe replied, it is much preferable to ſwelling the train of the vicious great, and deſpiſing myſelf for bearing their impertinence, for eating their bitter bread; better, indeed, is a

dinner

dinner of herbs with contentment. My wants are few; when I am my own miſtreſs, the cruſt I earn will be ſweet, and the water that moiſtens it will not be mingled with tears of ſorrow or indignation.

To ſhorten my ſtory; ſhe came to me, after ſhe had attempted ſeveral plans, and requeſted my advice; ſhe would not accept of any conſiderable favors, and declared the greateſt would be, to put her in a way of ſupporting herſelf, without forfeiting her highly valued liberty. I knew not what to adviſe; but while I was debating the matter with myſelf, I happened to mention, that we were in want of a ſchool-miſtreſs. She eagerly adopted the plan, and has perſevered in it theſe laſt ten years, and I find her a valuable acquiſition to our ſociety.

She was formed to ſhine in the moſt brilliant circle—yet ſhe relinquiſhed it,

and

and patiently labors to improve the children conſigned to her management, and tranquillize her own mind; and ſhe ſucceeds in both.

She lives indeed alone, has only the ſociety of children, yet ſhe enjoys much; dependence on God is her ſupport, and devotion to Him her comfort, and her lively affections are fixed into a love of virtue and truth: theſe exalted ſpeculations have given an uncommon dignity to her manners, ſhe ſeems above the world, and its trifling commotions. At her meals, gratitude to Heaven ſupplies the place of ſociety; ſhe has a tender, ſocial heart, and, as ſhe cannot ſweeten her ſolitary draught, by expreſſing her good wiſhes, an ejaculation to Heaven for the welfare of her friends is the ſubſtitute. This circumſtance I heard her mention to her grandfather, who ſometimes viſits her.

I will

I will now make ſome alteration in my dreſs, for when I viſit thoſe whom misfortunes have reduced, I always attend a little to ceremony; leſt too much familiarity ſhould appear like diſreſpect.

CHAP. XVIII.

Viſit to the School-miſtreſs.—True and falſe Pride.

THEIR dreſs was ſoon adjuſted, and the girls plucked flowers to adorn themſelves, and a noſegay to preſent to the ſchool-miſtreſs, whoſe garden was but ſmall.

They met the children juſt releaſed from confinement; the ſwarm came humming round Mrs. Maſon, endeavouring to catch her eye, and obtain

the

the notice they were ſo proud of: the girls made their beſt courteſies, bluſhing; and the boys hung down their heads, and kicked up the duſt, ſcraping a bow of reſpect.

They found their miſtreſs preparing to drink tea, to refreſh herſelf after the toils of the day; and, with that eaſe peculiar to well-bred people, ſhe ſoon enabled them to partake of it, by giving the tea-board a more ſociable appearance.

The harveſt-home was ſoon the ſubject of converſation, and the harper was mentioned. The family pride of the Welch, ſaid Anna, has often diverted me; I have frequently heard the inhabitants of a little hut, that could ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed from the pig-ſty which ſtood in the front of it, boaſt of their anceſtors and deſpiſe trade. They have informed me, that one branch of their family built the middle aiſle of the church; another

beautified

beautified the chancel, and gave the ten commandments, which blaze there in letters of gold. Some rejoice that their forefathers ſleep in the moſt conſpicuous tombs—and that their aſhes have an inſcription to point out where they are returning to their mother earth. Thoſe graves, which only a little ſtone at the head gives conſequence to, are adorned every Sunday with flowers or ever-greens. We perceive, in all the various cuſtoms of men, a deſire to live in the paſt and in the future, if I may be allowed the expreſſion.

Mrs. Maſon then obſerved, that of all the ſpecies of pride which carry a man out of himſelf, family pride was the moſt beneficial to ſociety. Pride of wealth produces vanity and oſtentation; but that of blood ſeems to inſpire high notions of honor, and to baniſh meanneſs, yet it is productive of many ill conſequences, the moſt

obvious

obvious is, its rendering individuals reſpectable to the generality, whoſe merit is only reflected: and ſometimes the want of this accidental advantage throws the moſt ſhining perſonal virtues and abilities into obſcurity. In weak minds this pride degenerates into the moſt deſpicable folly; and the wiſe will not condeſcend to have fame at ſecond-hand, replied Anna. We ought to be proud of our original, but we ſhould trace it to our Heavenly Father, who breathed into us the breath of life.—We are His children if we try to reſemble Him, are convinced that truth and goodneſs muſt conſtitute the very eſſence of the ſoul; and that the purſuit of them will produce happineſs, when the vain diſtinctions of mortals will fade away, and their pompous eſcutcheons moulder with more vulgar duſt! But remember, my young friends, virtue is immortal, and ariſes from a quick perception of truth,

truth, and actions conformable to the conviction.

Different ſubjects beguiled the time, till the cloſing evening admoniſhed them to return home; and they departed reluctantly, filled with reſpect.

CHAP. XIX.

Charity.—The Hiſtory of Peggy and her Family.—The Sailor's Widow.

I HAVE often remarked to you, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, one morning, to her pupils, that we are all dependent on each other, and this dependence is wiſely ordered by our Heavenly Father, to call forth virtue, to exerciſe the beſt affections of the human heart, and fix them into habits. While we impart

impart pleaſure we receive it, and feel the grandeur of our immortal ſoul, as it is conſtantly ſtruggling to ſpread itſelf into futurity.

Perhaps the greateſt pleaſure I have ever received, has ariſen from the habitual exerciſe of charity, in its various branches: the view of a diſtreſſed object has made me now think of converſing about one branch of it, giving alms.

You know Peggy, the young girl I wiſh to have moſt about my perſon; I mean, I wiſh it for her own ſake, that I may have an opportunity of improving her mind, and cultivating a good capacity. As to attendance, I never give much trouble to any fellow-creature, I chooſe to be independent of caprice and artificial wants; except, indeed, when I am ſick, then I thankfully receive the aſſiſtance I would willingly give to others in the ſame ſituation. I believe I have not in the

world

world a more faithful friend than Peggy; and her earneſt deſire to pleaſe me gratifies my benevolence, for with delight I obſerve the workings of a grateful heart.

I loſt a darling child, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, ſmothering a ſigh, in the depth of winter—death had before deprived me of her father, and when I loſt my child—he died again—every remnant of him was gone.—The wintry proſpects ſuited the temper of my ſoul; I have ſat looking at a wide waſte of tractleſs ſnow for hours; and the heavy ſullen fog, that the feeble rays of the ſun could not pierce, gave me back an image of my mind: I was unhappy, and the ſight of dead nature accorded with my feelings—for all was dead to me.

As the ſnow began to melt, I took a walk, and obſerved the birds hopping about with drooping wings, or mute on the leafleſs bough. The

mountains,

mountains, whoſe ſides had loſt the ſnow, looked black; yet ſtill it remained on the ſummit, and formed a contraſt to diverſify the dreary proſpect.

I walked thoughtfully along, when the appearance of a man, who did not beg, ſtruck me very forcibly. His ſhivering limbs were ſcarcely ſheltered from the cold by the tattered garments which covered him; and he had a ſharp, famiſhed look. I ſtretched out my hand with ſome relief in it, I would not enquire into the particulars of ſuch obvious diſtreſs; the poor wretch caught my hand, and haſtily dropped on his knees, to thank me in an extacy, as if he had forgot to hope, and the ſudden relief overcame him. His attitude and eager thanks oppreſſed my weak ſpirits, I could not for a moment aſk him any more queſtions, but as ſoon as I recollected myſelf, I learned from him the circumſtance that had

reduced

reduced him to ſuch extreme diſtreſs, and he hinted, that I could not eaſily gueſs the good I had done; I imagine he was meditating his own deſtruction when I ſaw him, to ſpare himſelf the miſery of ſeeing his infant periſh, ſtarved to death, in every ſenſe of the word. I will now haſten to the ſequel of the account. His wife had lately had a child, ſhe was very ill at the time, and want of proper food, and a defence againſt the inclemency of the weather, hurried her out of the world. The poor child, Peggy, had ſucked in diſeaſe and nouriſhment together, and now even they were denied —the breaſt was cold that had afforded the impoveriſhed ſtream; and the little innocent ſmiled, unconſcious of its miſery. I ſent for it, added Mrs. Maſon, and the father dying a few years after, it has ever been a favorite charge, and the nurſing of it, in ſome meaſure, diſpelled the gloom in which I had been

been enveloped.—Ah! my children, you know not how many, "houſeleſs heads bide the pitileſs ſtorm."

I received ſoon after a leſſon of reſignation from a poor woman, who was a practical philoſopher.

She had loſt her huſband, a ſailor, and loſt his wages too, as ſhe could not prove his death; ſhe came to me to beg ſome pieces of ſilk, to make pincuſhions of to ſell to the boarders of a neighbouring ſchool. Her lower weeds were patched with different colored rags; but they ſpoke not variety of wretchedneſs, on the contrary, they ſhowed a mind ſo content with want, and all the miſeries of life, as to attend to the opinion of caſual obſervers. This woman had loſt a huſband and a child, and her daily bread was precarious.—I cheered the widow's heart, and my own was not quite ſolitary. But I am growing melancholy—I am only deſirous of pointing out how very

beneficial charity is—as it enables us to find comfort when all our worldly comforts are lowering: and beſides, when our bowels yearn to our fellow-creatures, we feel that the love of God dwelleth in us—and then we cannot always go on our way ſorrowing.

CHAP. XX.

Viſit to Mrs. B—The Uſe of Accompliſhments—Virtue the Soul of all.

IN the afternoon they viſited Mrs. B. unexpectedly, and found her ſitting in the garden playing to her children, who danced on the ſod. She approached to receive them, and laid aſide her guitar; but, after ſome converſation, Mrs. Maſon deſired her to

to play again, and the girls joined in the requeſt. While ſhe was ſinging Mary whiſpered Mrs. Maſon, that ſhe would give the world to be able to ſing as well. The whiſper was not ſo low but a part of it reached Mrs. B. who ſaid to her, ſmiling, my young friend, you value accompliſhments much too highly — they may give grace to virtue—yet are nothing without ſolid worth.—Indeed, I miſtake, any thing like perfection in the arts, cannot be attained, where a reliſh, a delight in what is true and noble is wanting. A ſuperficial obſerver may be pleaſed with a picture in which fine colors predominate; and quick movements in muſic may tickle the ear, though they never reach the heart: it is the ſimple ſtrain which affection animates, that we liſten to with intereſt and delight. Mr. B. has a taſte for the fine arts; I wiſh in every thing to be his companion.—His converſation has

improved my judgment, and the affection an intimate knowledge of his virtues has inſpired, increaſes my love to the whole human race, it ſoftens and purifies my heart. He is retired from the world; after the buſineſs of the day is over, and my babes aſleep, I ſing to him, and a deſire to pleaſe, and the pleaſure I read in his eyes, give energy and tenderneſs to my muſic. He finds me a little world, all his own! When he is ruffled by worldly cares, I try to ſmooth his wrinkled brow, and think mine a voice of melody, when it has that effect.

Very true, replied Mrs. Maſon, accompliſhments ſhould be cultivated to render us pleaſing to our domeſtic friends; virtue is neceſſary; it muſt ever be the foundation of our peace and uſefulneſs; but when we are capable of affection we wiſh to have ſomething peculiar to ourſelves. We

ſtudy the taſte of our friends, and endeavor to conform to it; but, in doing ſo, we ought rather to improve our own abilities than ſervilely copy theirs. Obſerve, my dear girls, Mrs. B.'s diſtinction, her accompliſhments are for her friends, her virtues for the world in general.

I ſhould think myſelf vain, and my ſoul little, anſwered Mrs. B. if the applauſe of the whole world, on the ſcore of abilities, which did not add any real luſtre to my character, could afford me matter of exultation. The approbation of my own heart, the humble hope of pleaſing the Moſt High, elevates my ſoul; and I feel, that in a future ſtate, I may enjoy an unſpeakable happineſs, of which I now experience a foretaſte. Next to theſe ſublime emotions, which I cannot deſcribe, and the joy reſulting from doing good; I am happy when I can amuſe thoſe I love; it is not then

vanity, but tenderneſs, that ſpurs me on, and my ſongs, my drawings, my every action, has ſomething of my heart in it. When I can add to the innocent enjoyments of my children, and improve them at the ſame time, are not my accompliſhments of uſe? In the ſame ſtyle, when I vary the pleaſures of my fire-ſide, I make my huſband forget that it is a lonely one; and he returns to look for elegance at home, elegance that he himſelf gave the poliſh to; and which is but affected, if it does not flow from virtue.

I beg your pardon, I expatiate too long on my favorite topic; my deſire to rectify your notions muſt plead my excuſe.

Mr. B. now joined them, and brought with him ſome of his fineſt fruit. After tea Mrs. B. ſhewed them ſome of her drawings; and, to comply with their repeated requeſt, played on the

the harpſichord, and Mr. B. took his violin to accompany her. Then the children were indulged with a dance, each had her favorite tune.

As they returned home, the girls were eager to laviſh praiſes on Mrs. B. and Mary ſaid, I cannot tell why, but I feel of conſequence when ſhe takes notice of me. I never ſaw any one look ſo good-natured, cried Caroline. Mrs. Maſon joined in the converſation. You juſtly remarked that ſhe is good-natured; you remember her hiſtory, ſhe loves truth, and ſhe is ever exerciſing benevolence and love—from the inſect, that ſhe avoids treading on, you may trace her affection to that Being who inhabits eternity; and it is from her goodneſs her agreeable qualities ſpring.

CHAP. XXI.

The Benefit of bodily Pain.—Fortitude the Baſis of Virtue.—The Folly of Irreſolution.

THE children had been playing in the garden ſome time, while Mrs. Maſon was reading; ſuddenly the cries of Caroline alarmed her, ſhe ran into the room in great diſtreſs; Mary quickly followed, and explained the matter. That her ſiſter had accidentally diſturbed ſome waſps, who were terrified, and of courſe ſtung her. Remedies were applied to aſſuage the pain; yet all the time ſhe uttered the loudeſt and moſt ſilly complaints, regardleſs of the uneaſineſs ſhe occaſioned thoſe who were exerting themſelves to relieve her.

In

In a ſhort time the ſmart abated, and then her friend thus addreſſed her, with more than uſual gravity. I am ſorry to ſee a girl of your age weep on account of bodily pain, it is a proof of a weak mind, one that cannot employ itſelf about matters of conſequence. How often muſt I tell you that the Moſt High is educating us for eternity.

"The term virtue, comes from a "word ſignifying ſtrength. Fortitude "of mind is, therefore, the baſis of "each virtue, and virtue belongs to "a being, that is weak in his nature, "and ſtrong only in will and reſo- "lution."

Children early feel bodily pain, to habituate them to bear the conflicts of the ſoul, when they become reaſonable creatures. This, I ſay, is the firſt trial, and I like to ſee that proper pride which ſtrives to conceal its ſufferings. Thoſe who, when young, weep if the

leaſt trifle annoys them; will never, I fear, have ſufficient ſtrength of mind, to encounter all the miſeries that can afflict the body, rather than act meanly to avoid them. Indeed this ſeems to be the eſſential difference between a great and a little mind: the one knows how to endure—while the other ſuffers an immortal ſoul to be depreſſed, loſt in its abode; ſuffers the inconveniences which attack the one to overwhelm the other. The ſoul would ſupport the body, if its ſuperiority was felt, and invigorated by exerciſe. The Almighty, who never afflicts but to produce ſome good end, firſt ſends diſeaſes to children to teach them patience and fortitude; and when by degrees they have learned to bear them, they have acquired ſome virtue.

In the ſame manner, cold or hunger, when accidentally encountered, are not evils; they make *us feel what wretches*

I think she is a wretch herself.

wretches feel, and teach us to be tender-hearted. Many of your fellow-creatures daily bear what you cannot for a moment endure without complaint; and beſides, another advantage ariſes from it, after you have felt hunger, you will not be very anxious to chooſe the particular kind of food that is to ſatisfy it; and you will be freed from a frivolous care.

When it is neceſſary to take a nauſeous draught, ſwallow it at once, and do not make others ſick while you are heſitating what muſt be done. If a tooth is to be drawn, or any other diſagreeable operation to be performed, determine reſolutely that it ſhall be done immediately, and debate not, when the right ſtep to be taken is obvious. If I ſee a child act in this way, I am ready to embrace it, my ſoul yearns for it—I perceive the dawning of a character that will be uſeful

to ſociety, while it is preparing itſelf for a nobler field of action.

Believe me, it is the patient endurance of pain, that will prepare you to reſiſt your paſſions; after you have borne bodily pain, you will have firmneſs enough to ſuſtain the ſtill more excruciating agonies of the mind. You will not, to baniſh momentary cares, plunge into diſſipation, nor to eſcape a preſent inconvenience, forget that you ſhould hold faſt virtue as the only ſubſtantial good.

I ſhould not value the affection of a perſon who would not bear pain and hunger to ſerve me; nor is that benevolence warm, which ſhrinks from encountering the ſame, when it is neceſſary, in order to be uſeful.

There is a juſt pride, a noble ambition, which diſtinguiſhes ſome minds; I have ſeen a little of it in Mary: while ſhe pities others, ſhe imagines ſhe could bear their inconveniences herſelf,

herſelf, and ſhe ſeems to feel more uneaſineſs, when ſhe obſerves the ſufferings of others, than I could ever trace in her countenance under the immediate preſſure of pain.

Remember you are to bear patiently the infirmities of the weakeſt of your fellow-creatures; but to yourſelf you are not to be equally indulgent.

CHAP. XXII.

Journey to London.

THE girls were viſibly improved; an air of intelligence began to animate Caroline's fine features; and benevolence gave her eyes the humid ſparkle which is ſo beautiful and engaging. The intereſt we take in the

fate of others, attaches them to ourselves.

Mary's judgment every day grew clearer; or, more properly speaking, she acquired experience every hour, and her lively feelings fixed the conclusions in her mind. While Mrs. Mason was rejoicing in their apparent improvement, she received a letter from their father, requesting her to allow his daughters to spend the winter in town, as he wished to procure them the best masters, an advantage the country did not afford. With reluctance she consented, determining to remain with them a short time. Preparations were quickly made for the journey.

The wished for morning arrived, and they set off in a tumult of spirits; sorry to leave the country, yet delighted with the prospect of visiting the metropolis. This hope soon dried the tears which had bedewed their cheeks;

cheeks; the parting with Mrs. Maſon was not anticipated. The autumnal views were new to them; they ſaw the hedges exhibit various colors, and the trees ſtripped of their leaves; but they were not diſpoſed to moralize.

For ſome time after their arrival, every thing they ſaw excited wonder and admiration; and not till they were a little familiarized with the new objects, did they aſk reaſonable queſtions.

Several preſents recruited their purſes; and they requeſted Mrs. Maſon to allow them to buy ſome trifles they were in want of: as the requeſt was modeſt, ſhe complied.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Charity. — Shopping. — The diſtreſſed Stationer. — Miſchievous Conſequences of delaying Payment.

AS they walked in ſearch of a ſhop, they both determined to purchaſe pocket-books; and their friend deſired them not to ſpend all the money they had received, as they would meet many objects of charity in the numerous ſtreets of the metropolis. I do not wiſh you to relieve every beggar that you caſually meet; but ſhould any one attract your attention, obey the impulſe of your heart, pay them for exerciſing your compaſſion, and attend not to the whiſpers of ſelfiſhneſs, that they may be impoſtors. I would have you give a trifle when you

you are not certain the diſtreſs is real, and reckon it given for pleaſure; I would rather be deceived five hundred times, than doubt once without reaſon.

They ſtopped at a ſmall ſhop, Mrs. Maſon always ſought out ſuch, for, ſaid ſhe, I may help thoſe who perhaps want aſſiſtance; bargains I never ſeek for, I wiſh every one to have the juſt value for their goods. In the ſhop they entered, they did not find the kind of pocket-book, they had fixed on, and wiſhed precipitately to leave it; but were detained by their more conſiderate friend. While they had been turning over the trinkets, the countenance of the woman, who ſerved them, caught her eye, and ſhe obſerved her eager manner of recommending the books. You have given much unneceſſary trouble, ſaid ſhe, to the miſtreſs of the ſhop, the books are better, and more expenſive than you

intended,

intended to purchaſe, but I will make up the deficiency. A beam of pleaſure enlivened the woman's ſwollen eyes; and Mrs. Maſon, in the mild accents of compaſſion, ſaid, if it is not an impertinent queſtion, will you tell me from what cauſe your viſible diſtreſs ariſes? perhaps I may have it in my power to relieve you.—The woman burſt into tears. — Indeed, Madam, you have already relieved me; the money you have laid out will enable me to procure ſome food for my poor little grandchildren, and ſend a meal to their poor father, who is now confined for debt, though a more honeſt man never breathed. Ah! Madam, I little thought I ſhould come to this—Yeſterday his wife died, poor ſoul! I really believe things going ſo croſs broke her heart. He has been in goal theſe five months; I could not manage the ſhop, or buy what was proper to keep up the credit of

it,

t, ſo buſineſs has been continually falling off; yet, if he could collect in his debts, he would now be here, and we ſhould have money in our pockets. And what renders it more provoking, the people who owe us moſt are very rich; it is true, they live in ſuch a very high ſtyle, and keep ſo many horſes and ſervants, they are often in want of money, and when they have it, they moſtly have ſome freak in their heads, and do not think of paying the poor trades-people. At firſt we were afraid to aſk for the money, leſt we ſhould loſe their cuſtom, and ſo it proved when we did venture, forced by neceſſity, they ſent to other ſhops, without diſcharging our demands.

And, my dear Madam, this is not all my grief; my ſon, before his misfortunes, was one of the moſt ſober, induſtrious young men in London; but now he is not like the ſame man; He had nothing to do in the gaol, and

to drive away care he learned to drink; he ſaid it was a comfort to forget himſelf, and he would add an oath—I never heard him ſwear till then. I took pains when he was a child to teach him his prayers, and he rewarded me by being a dutiful ſon; the caſe is quite altered now—he ſeems to have loſt all natural affection—he heeds not his mother's tears.—Her ſobs almoſt ſuffocated her, as ſhe ſtrove to go on—He will bring my grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave—and yet I pity my poor boy, he is ſhut up with ſuch a number of profligate wretches, who laugh at religion. Every farthing I ſend him he ſpends in liquor, and uſed to make his wife pawn her clothes to buy him drink—ſhe was happy to die, it was well for her not to live to ſee the babe ſhe gave ſuck to deſpiſe her!

A paſſion of tears relieved the ſufferer, and ſhe called her grandchildren; theſe innocent babes, I ſhall not

be

be able to keep them, they muſt go to the workhouſe. If the quality did but know what they make us poor induſtrious people ſuffer—ſurely they would be more conſiderate.

Mrs. Maſon gave her ſomething to ſupply her preſent wants, and promiſed to call on her again before ſhe left town.

They walked ſilently down two or three ſtreets; I hope you have learned to think, my dear girls, ſaid Mrs. Maſon, and that your hearts have felt the emotions of compaſſion; need I make any comments on the ſituation of the poor woman we have juſt left. You perceive that thoſe who neglect to pay their debts, do more harm than they imagine; perhaps, indeed, ſome of theſe very people do, what is termed, a noble action, give away a large ſum, and are termed generous; nay, very probably, weep at a tragedy, or when reading an affecting

tale.

tale. They then boaſt of their ſenſibility—when, alas! neglecting the foundation of all virtue, juſtice, they have occaſioned exquiſite diſtreſs, and led a poor wretch into vice; heaped miſery on helpleſs infancy, and drawn tears from the aged widow.

CHAP. XXIV.

Viſit to a poor Family in London.—Idleneſs the Parent of Vice.—Prodigality and Generoſity incompatible.—The Pleaſures of Benevolence.—True and falſe Motives for ſaving.

AFTER the impreſſion the ſtory, and the ſight of the family had made, was a little worn off; Caroline begged leave to buy one toy, and then

then another, till her money was exhausted. When Mrs. Mason found it was all expended, she looked round for an object in distress; a poor woman soon presented herself, and her meagre countenance gave weight to her tale—a babe, as meagre, hung at her breast, which seemed not to contain sufficient moisture to wet its parched lips.

On enquiry they found that she lodged in a neighboring garret. Her husband had been out of employment a long time, and was now sick; the master who formerly gave him work, had gradually lost great part of his business; his best customers were grown so fond of French goods. The consequence was, the dismission of a number of hands, who could not immediately find employment elsewhere, and of course were reduced to the most extreme distress. The truth of this account a reputable

shopkeeper

ſhopkeeper atteſted; and he added, many of the unhappy creatures, who die unpitied, were firſt led into vice by accidental idleneſs.

They aſcended the dark ſtairs, ſcarcely able to bear the different effluvia that flew from every part of a ſmall houſe, which contained in each room a family, occupied in ſuch an anxious manner to obtain the neceſſaries of life, that its comforts never engaged their thoughts. The precarious meal was ſnatched, and the ſtomach did not turn, though the cloth, on which it was laid, was died in dirt. When to-morrow's bread is uncertain, who thinks of cleanlineſs? Thus does deſpair encreaſe the miſery, and conſequent diſeaſe aggravate the horrors of poverty!

They followed the woman into a low garret, which was never viſited by the chearful rays of the ſun; a man, with a ſallow complexion, and long beard,

ſat

ſat ſhivering over a few cinders in the bottom of a broken grate, and two more children were on the ground, half naked, near him, breathing the noxious air. The gaiety natural to their age, animated not their eyes, half ſunk in their ſockets; and, inſtead of ſmiles, premature wrinkles had found a place in their lengthened viſages. Life was nipped in the bud; ſhut up juſt as it began to unfold itſelf. "A froſt, a killing froſt," deſtroyed the parents hopes: they ſeemed to come into the world only to crawl half formed, to ſuffer, and to die.

Mrs. Maſon deſired the girls to relieve the family; Caroline hung down her head abaſhed; and wiſhed the paltry ornaments ſhe had bought, in the bottom of the ſea. Mary, proud of the new privilege, emptied her purſe; and Caroline, in a ſupplicating tone, entreated to be allowed

to give her handkerchief to the little infant.

Mrs. Maſon deſired the woman to call on her the next day; and they left the family cheered by their bounty.

Caroline expected the reproof that ſoon proceeded from the mouth of her true friend. I am glad that this accident has occurred, to prove to you that prodigality and generoſity are incompatible. Œconomy and ſelf-denial are neceſſary, to enable us to be generous, and act conformably to the rules of juſtice.

Mary may this night enjoy peaceful ſlumbers; fooliſhly indulged fancies will not float in her brain; ſhe may, ere ſhe cloſes her eyes, thank God, for allowing her to be His inſtrument of mercy:—will the trifles you have purchaſed, afford you ſuch heart-felt delight, Caroline?

Mean

Mean perſons ſave to gratify their caprices and appetites; the benevolent curb both, to give ſcope to the nobler feelings of the heart. When we ſquander money idly, we defraud the poor, and deprive our own ſouls of their moſt exalted food. If you wiſh to be uſeful, govern your deſires, and wait not till diſtreſs obtrudes itſelf—ſearch it out. In the country it is not always attended with ſuch ſhocking circumſtances; but in large cities, many garrets contain families, ſimilar to thoſe we have ſeen this afternoon. The money ſpent in indulging the firſt movements of fancy, not regulated by reaſon, would relieve the miſery, that my ſoul ſhrinks back from contemplating.

CHAP. XXV.

Mrs. Maſon's farewell Advice to her young Friends.

THE day before Mrs. Maſon was to leave her pupils, ſhe took a hand of each, and preſſing them tenderly in her own, tears ſtarted into her eyes—I tremble for you, my dear girls, you muſt practice by yourſelves ſome of the virtues I have been endeavoring to inculcate; and I ſhall anxiouſly wait for the ſummer, to ſee the progreſs you have made.

We have converſed on ſeveral very important ſubjects; do not forget the concluſions I have drawn. I now, as my laſt preſent, give you a book, in which I have written the ſubjects we have

have diſcuſſed; recur frequently to it, the ſtories will illuſtrate the inſtruction it contains, and you will not feel the want of my perſonal advice. Some of the reaſoning you may not thoroughly comprehend, but, as your underſtandings ripen, you will feel its full force.

Avoid anger; exerciſe compaſſion, and love truth. Recollect, that from religion your chief comfort muſt ſpring, and never neglect the duty of prayer; the honor of making known your wants and ſorrows to the wiſeſt and beſt of Beings, in whoſe hands are the iſſues, not only of this life, but of that which is to come.

Your father will allow you a certain ſtipend; you have already *felt* the pleaſure of doing good; ever recollect that fancy muſt be conquered, if you wiſh to gratify benevolence; and practiſe œconomy to enable you to be generous. The good you intend to do, do quickly, for know a trifling duty neglected, is a

great

great fault, and the preſent time only is at your command.

You are now candidates for my friendſhip, and on your advancement in virtue my regard will depend. Write often to me, and I will punctually anſwer your letters; and let me have the genuine ſentiments of your hearts. In expreſſions of affection and reſpect, do not deviate from truth to turn a period prettily.

Adieu! when you think of your friend, obſerve her precepts; and let the recollection of my affection, give additional weight to the truths I have endeavoured to inſtil.

FINIS.